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The Lee School
of Unpublished Poems

Lee
1921



Foreword

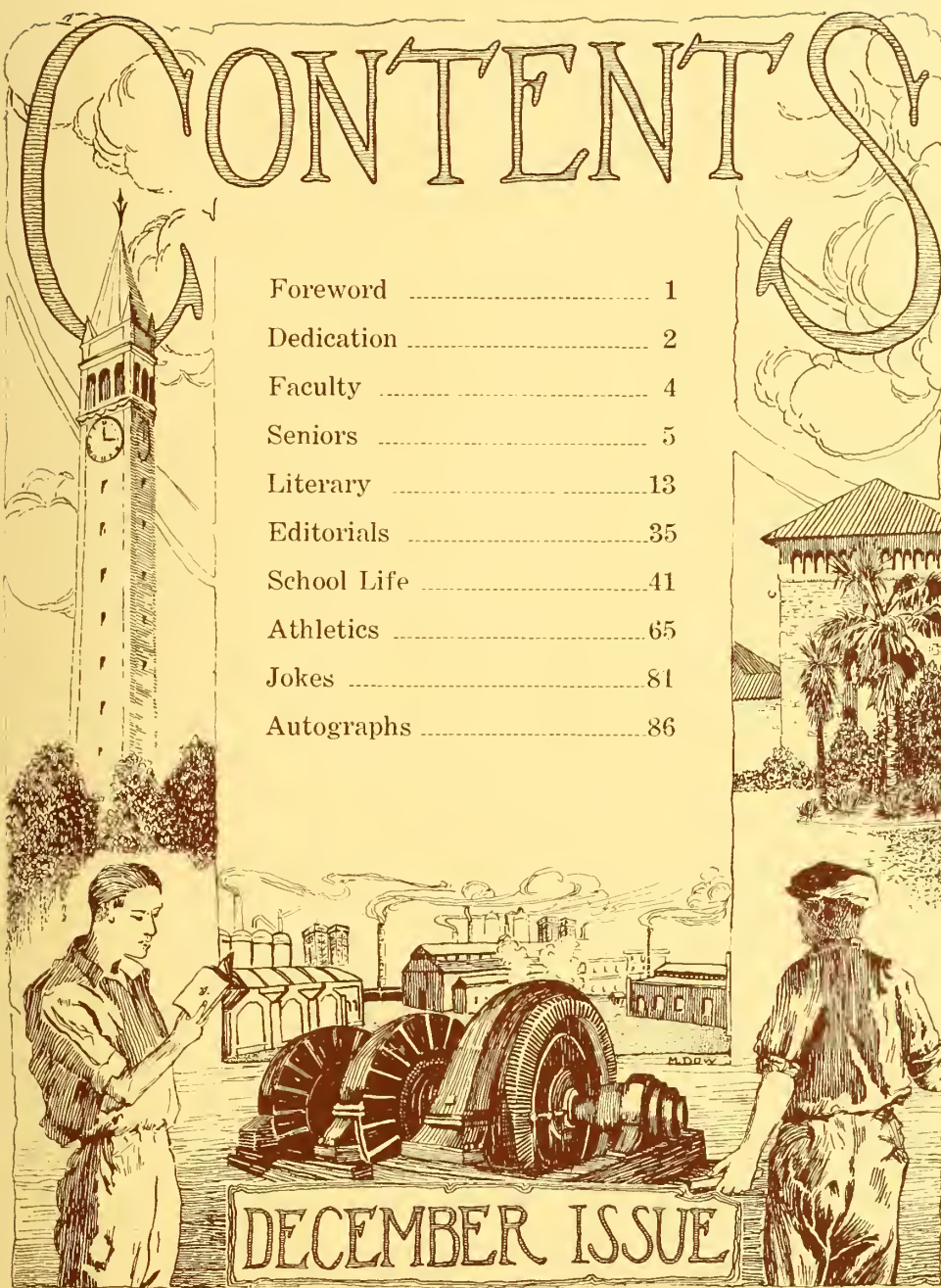
OLIVE BARNUM

Life, glory be to Heaven for thee!
Christmas again is come, and with it thou
With wealth of joy.

These few admonitions the readers of thy pages
Are to remember. Thy thoughts are from our souls:
Thy merriment—the love and laughter of our hearts
Thou art sometimes solemn but never melancholy.
Never wilt thou dull the wit with entertainment
Of silly story, for thou’st chronicled our best,
And aiming high, we trust thy ’tainment warrants praise.
Costly be thy bindings as thy purse could buy;
Made to express thy content, rich, not gaudy
For the cover oft proclaims the rank and worth;
And they of book love wise, and knowledge learned
Are most exact, and chief in this
The friends thou hast and their adoption tried
Are grappled to thy soul with hoops of steel,
For this above all we know, to thine own school
Thou’st e’er been true.
With joy we greet thee!



Dedicated to
MISS ELEANOR JACKSON
In appreciation for her untiring devotion to the
L-W-L "Life."



CONTENTS

Foreword	1
Dedication	2
Faculty	4
Seniors	5
Literary	13
Editorials	35
School Life	41
Athletics	65
Jokes	81
Autographs	86

DECEMBER ISSUE

I-W-I Faculty

George A. Merrill	Director—L-W-L
Bruno Heymann	Dean—Lick
George F. Wood	Dean—Wilmerding
Theresa M. Otto	Dean—Lux

Lick

Stella Boulware	Freehand Drawing
Eleanor M. Jackson, M. A.-A. B.	English and Latin
Marie O. Weller, B. A.	English
R. N. Chapman	Machine Shop
Roy W. Hendrick	Geometry
J. L. Mathis	Forgework
Charles A. McLeran	Patternmaking
Max A. Plumb, B. S.	Mathematics and Physics
Sydney A. Tibbetts, B. S.	Chemistry
Harold N. Wright	Electrical Work
Enid A. Burns	Recorder

Wilmerding

Agnes Wood, A. B.	Algebra
Evelyn M. Woodland, M. L.-B. L.	English and Civics
Charles C. Herbert	Automobile Shop
John E. Maybeck	Cabinet Making
Fred H. Mighall	Stonework
Frank M. Williams, B. S.	Science
Margaret E. Greig	Recorder

Lux

Claire A. Bender, A. B.	English
Mary L. Crittenden	Sewing
Grace E. Fassett	Hygiene and Physiology
Mable J. Gottenberg, B. S.	Chemistry
Irene Knowles	Housekeeping and Laundry
Ida H. Nielsen	Cooking
Edna C. O'Connor, B. L.	English
Dorothy Patterson	Millinery
Bernice Peavy	Drawing
Lorette A. Roumiguere	Sewing
Dorothy Shawhan	Drawing
Alice E. Webster, B. S.	Science and Mathematics
Martha Wickersham	Recorder



*"Exhausting thought and hiving wisdom
With each studious year."*

—BYRON.



H. W. Hargrave



H. Thompson

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DECEMBER
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DECEMBER
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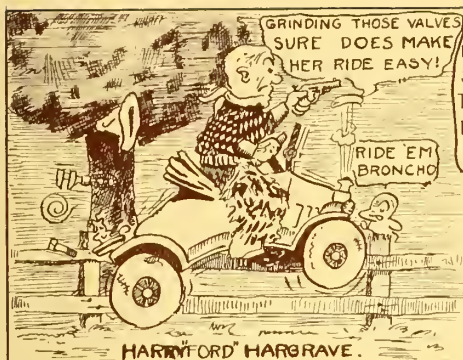
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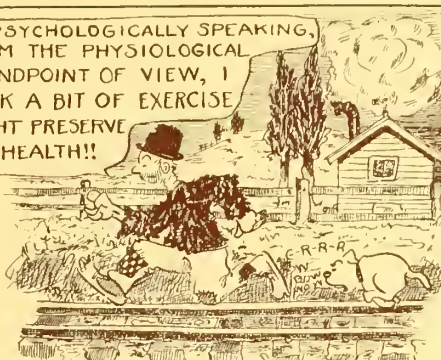


P. Seaborn



HARRY' ORD' HARGRAVE.

PSYCHOLOGICALLY SPEAKING, FROM THE PHYSIOLOGICAL STANDPOINT OF VIEW, I THINK A BIT OF EXERCISE MIGHT PRESERVE MY HEALTH!!



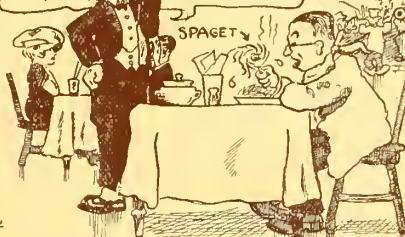
LUTHI IS OUR TRACK "STAR" -

LADIES AND THOSE THAT CAME WITH YOU, I TAKE PLEASURE IN PRESENTING TO YOU "SHORTY" BISHOP, CAPTURED FROM THE WILDS OF ALAMEDA!!



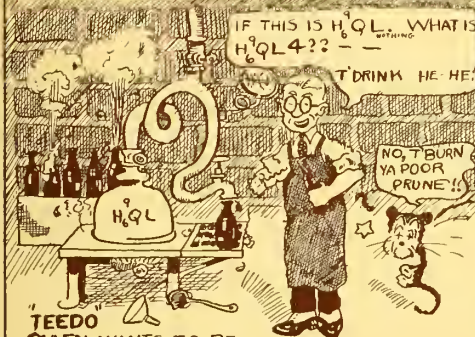
"WEE" BISHOP OUR LIL WATER BOY BEING INTRODUCED BY MANNING "RED" JOHNSON.

LADIES AND GENTZ, OUR BAND IS NOW PLAYING ITALY NATIONAL AIR.



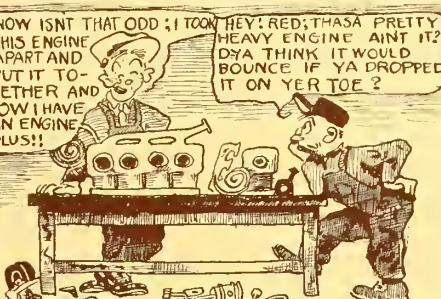
P.O. SCALAMANINI HAVING A WRESTLING MATCH WITH HIS MIDDLE NAME, "SPAGETTI", IN BILL HAZLET'S CAFE.

IF THIS IS H₂QL, WHAT IS H₂QL4??



TEEDO OYLEN WANTS TO BE A CHEMIST!??

NOW ISN'T THAT ODD; I TOOK THIS ENGINE APART AND PUT IT TOGETHER AND NOW I HAVE AN ENGINE PLUS!!



'RED' CERKEL AS AN ENGINE-ER, BY DOING A LITTLE ALGEBRA, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET A FORD OUT OF THE "PLUS".

HEY! RED; THAS A PRETTY HEAVY ENGINE AINT IT? DYA THINK IT WOULD BOUNCE IF YA DROPPED IT ON YER TOE?

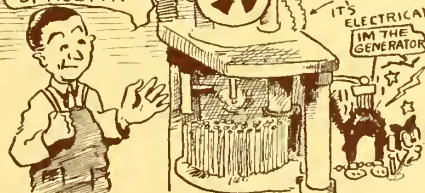
HE'S A GOOD SWIMMER; HE OUGHT TO GET OFF AND PUSH.

THE DOGGONE THING HAS BEEN STUCK ON THE MUD FOR SIX HOURS, AND I CAN'T COAX IT OFF.



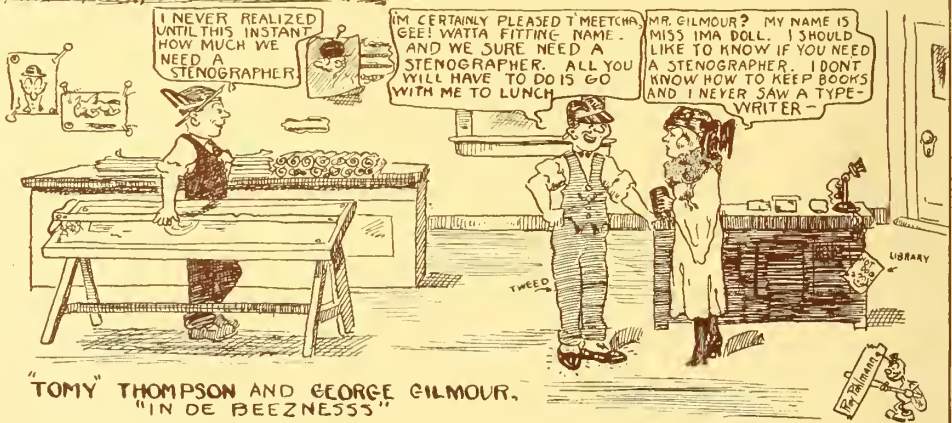
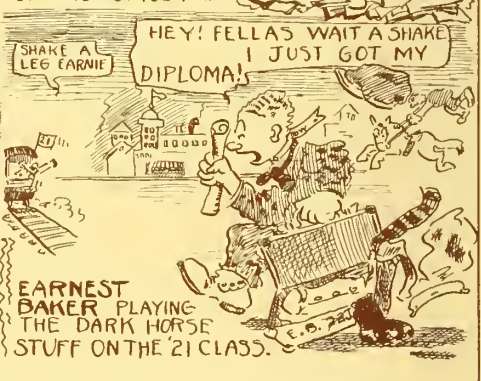
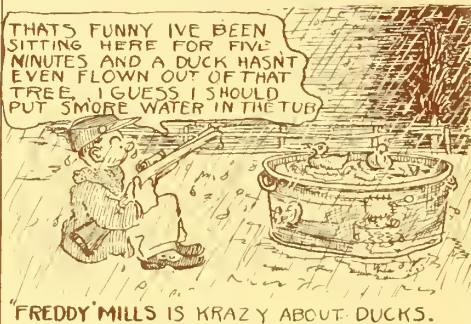
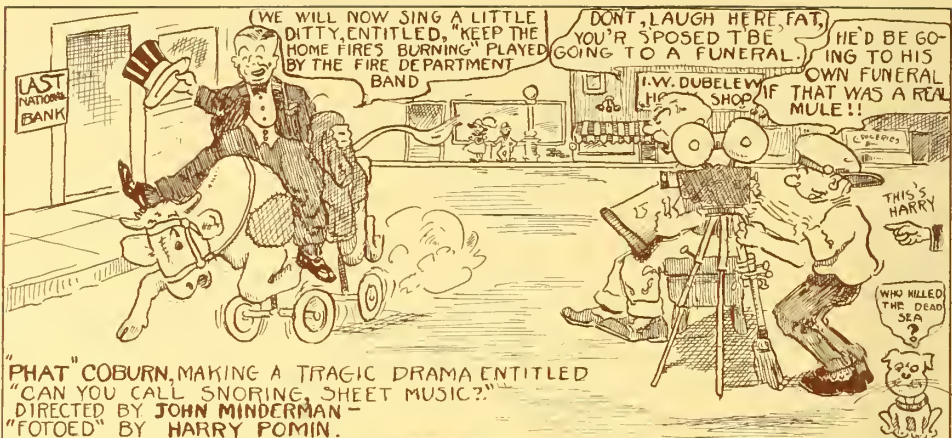
IMAGINE - BILL REMENSPERGER AS ADMIRAL OF THE OAKLAND ESTUARY. HE THOUGHT A FERRY WOULD TAKE AWAY BUSINESS FROM THE BRIDGES.

AT LAST!! MY LIFE'S WORK IS DONE. THIS IS MY OWN INVENTION - A MACHINE THAT DRILLS SQUARE HOLES IN SPAGETTI.



WHERE EVER YOU FIND WILLY WESSEL YOU'LL FIND ELECTRICITY.

IT'S ELECTRICAL IM THE GENERATOR



Senior Sonnet

O school whose name in fullest glory shines,
You hold our souls in reverence sublime;
You've nurtured us, and spurred us on through time,
To seek the heights the will of hear'n assigns.
Your spirit bold each loyal heart enshrines.
Throughout the years we'll hold as very crime
The deed that might the Black and Gold begrime.
World service's our hope, the goal of life's designs.
Commencement day fast creeps upon us now,
And soon to best of friends we say goodbye;
But Lick folks' parting truly doth but seem.
A steady stream of youth you're aimed t'endow
With skill of hand, fine sense, clear brain and eye.
As men they will your confidence redeem.

The Class of 1921

By WILLIAM HAZLETT, '21.

A LAS! Seniors, our season is about to end. Truly, our four years at Lick-Wilmerding have been a season of hard fought games. The time now comes when we shall enter upon a new battleground where we can prove our mettle in the largest game of all, the game of life.

During the season which now draws to a close we have striven to stand forth as conquerors. Imbued with the "Tiger Spirit" our every effort has been turned toward benefits for the school, and towards making a showing for the '21 Squad. Our season at Lick-Wilmerding has not made stars of any of us, but has taught us the course to follow in order to star in the game of life. Before leaving the field for the last time, let us take "time out" and review our four games as we have played them.

In January, 1918, the Squad made its first appearance on the Tiger field. Simonds of '18-X, aided by Stone, '19-X and Soiland, '20-X, ran the team through the first half of its Freshmen game. These men thoroughly grilled the Squad in the essentials of a Tiger team, and as a result we "copped" the track interclass and gave the haughty Sophomores a run for the football interclass game.

During the second quarter of play, the Juniors came forth and gave a Junior-Freshman Reception at the Wilmerding Auditorium at which we were the honored guests. A most hearty welcome was extended to our group of young Tigers and it gave us more confidence on the field when we felt the presence of the Juniors in the grand stand.

With the sounding of the whistle we were again down the field. Thompson captained the team through this half and the successful finish of the Freshman game was largely due to his generalship.

The start of the Sophomore Game saw Hazlett as captain. Backed by a year's experience, the team proved proficient in all the tricks of the game and dominated the field of activities so persistently that the victory of school recognition was won.

In order to show our appreciation to the Juniors for their untiring efforts in bringing us into the game, a Sophomore-Junior dance was planned, which proved an immense success, thanks to the backing received from the Faculty.

The second half of the Sophomore Game was captained by Hazlett again and the team proved an invincible unit of Tiger Spirit. Toward the close of our Sophomore Game we came to the front with "'21" skull caps, which were under constant attack from the Juniors and due admiration from the Freshmen.

Our Junior Game opened with Coburn as captain. He worked hard and unceasingly to bring '21 to the top. Due to clever designing and expert workmanship our team secured a class pin which stands as one of the best on the school's "Class Pin Cushion." The second event of the Junior Game was the Freshman Reception.

We went on the field as High Juniors with a determination to make it a most successful Semester. Although our Squad had dropped to fifteen players, we lived up to the standard by co-operating with the Student Body and Captain Gilmour in an earnest endeavor to keep the school in its distinctive class. Being aware of the responsible role that we were playing in the affairs of the school and looking forward to our next and last game we tackled all the difficult problems that confronted us with a determination to make the goal of success.

At last we come to the final game of the season. Jerry Ahern was elected captain for the first half. Everyone was down on the kick off and Ahern tackled the task of getting something big "agoing." The bucking was hard and although we held our own we were unable to score at this time.

Coburn captained the team through the last half of our Senior Game. Few in number, we strove to stand for quality, not quantity.

The final scoring of the game was made at the Senior Dance, held in the ball room of the St. Francis Hotel, on the evening of December 10th, 1921, and this proved a fitting close to the team's play.

Our season is over, we are about to depart from our Alma Mater and each other, and seek our other fields, probably bigger, but none more worthy than the one left behind. Let us be a credit to the school, not only by singing her praise, but by carrying her teachings into dealings with our fellow men.



*"Reading maketh a full man,
Conference a ready man,
And writing an exact man."*

—BACON.

Fifteen Miles To Go

By ROBERT P. KLEIN, '23-J.

A COOL west wind blew over Chandler Field and moderated the summer heat of that Sunday afternoon. It was only one o'clock, but an enormous crowd had gathered to see Rock City's first annual two hundred and fifty mile aeroplane race. The "take-off" was scheduled for two o'clock. There were five planes entered; two Curtiss planes, a De Haviland, an army plane, and a Handly Page. The planes were to fly to Framingham, a small town one hundred and twenty-five miles away, circle about the city hall, and return.

About one-fifteen a gray Stutz drove on the field and stopped not more than twenty feet from the Handly Page machine. The first person to alight was Patrick Field, known as "Old Pat" by his friends, prominent banker and owner of the First National Bank of Rock City. His brown hair was tinged with gray, which marked him as a man of middle age. The young man that stood at his side was Bob Shelton, Pat's helper and mechanic.

Pat's hobby was aeroplanes and aeroplane races and not only was he the owner of the Handly Page but he was its pilot. He stood besides the cock-pit, an interested onlooker, while Bob made a thorough inspection of the plane's engine.

Having completed his inspection, Bob with a pleased grin reported to his chief.

"She's as fit as a fiddle, old Pat."

It was quarter to two when Bob and Pat climbed into the cock-pit. All was in readiness for the "take-off".

At exactly two o'clock the signal was given and the machines "took-off". They rose as one but it was not long before Hanson was out in front of the rest. Old Pat was a poor second, the Curtiss planes third and fourth, and the army plane a poor contender.

The Handly Page gradually pulled away from the rest and five minutes later "Old Pat" was along side of the De Haviland. A neck and neck race ensued but as the two machines circled over the city hall at Framingham the Handly Page forged ahead and started on the home stretch first, the De Haviland a close second.

"Fifteen miles more to victory", yelled Bob through the tube to Pat. "I wonder what happened to Hanson? He seemed to go backward instead of going ahead."

"That shows," shouted back Pat, "that the Handly Page is a better machine than the De Haviland."

But Fate played Bob and "Old Pat" a mean trick. The unlooked for happened. The engine went dead with victory in their grasp. Bob was surprised as was Pat, but not as excited as the older man.

"Bob, I guess we've lost now," said Pat, "we have to land, so here goes," he warned as the plane slowly started to coast down on a slight angle.

But Bob did not give up hope so easily. In the same instant he had informed Pat of his plans and doffed his coat and helmet. He was going to accomplish the impossible. He was going to start the engine in mid-air. The plane was righted and Bob slipped out of the cock-pit onto the wing. He clung to the guy wires with all his might as he swung unto the engine.

In the meantime Pat had been eagerly watching Hanson in the De Haviland. The rival plane seemed to come to life and was gaining rapidly.

Bob swung the propeller, but the engine failed to start. Once, twice, three times he tried but all in vain. The heat was intense. He felt as if he was on fire. He could feel the heat of the engine burning into the flesh of his thighs and legs. He became faint and would have fallen to his death had he not grasped the propeller.

Bob tried again and again but both times he was greeted with failure. He was becoming so weak that Hanson's machine as it passed seemed nothing but a blur.

He grasped the propeller and with all his strength he "turned it over." It spun and the engine started with a gentle purr. Bob clamored back over the engine as the machine started and swung down on the wing. Across the wing he climbed and into the cock-pit he fell in a swoon.

On and on they sped and now with only five miles remaining to the finish the Handly Page seemed to come to life and realize what it was supposed to accomplish. Pat's plane gained readily as they neared the finish.

One mile more to the end and Hanson was still three lengths ahead. Handly Page had been going "wide open" since the second start, but now it seemed to get an additional spurt of speed. Inch by inch, foot by foot, Pat's plane gained until with only a half mile to go its rival was but a length in the lead.

The planes did not have to land until after the finish. The machine that flew past the large hangar at the far end of the field was to be proclaimed the winner.

Nearer they came to the finish and nearer and with only five hundred yards remaining, the Handly Page passed its rival and finished more than five feet ahead of the De Haviland.

We need not go into detail about the wonderful welcome the winners received, only to say that the rejoicing was hushed as soon as the unconscious boy was found in the cock-pit. Bob was rushed to Pat's home in the gray Stutz.

And although Bob's burns were very severe he was the happiest man in town. He had won the five thousand dollars and accomplished the impossible.

The Ranger

By MARTHA SAMUELS, '23-J.

THE great outdoors and all it means, it's dear to everyone; for some it's work, and hard at that, and for others it's only fun. It's great to be a ranger, to feel the woods are yours; it's hard to face the rain and snow, when it's time to do your chores. It isn't all, "Now look at that—that's the prettiest thing I've seen"; it's fixin' roads and makin' them, and diggin' ditches e'en. You can't sit down beside a tree, and think you're having fun, because there's work up o'er the hill, that simply must be done. And when you're nearly finished and you start to think of home, another comes to tell you of a fire near old "Round Dome". That means a lot of hurry, though it is to some a sport, and then it's going home again and making out reports.

The next day comes you'll be right there, no matter rain or shine; your duty is to save the land, so you start the mountain climb. You look far out the country: no forest fires anew, but that is not the sign of rest, there are other things to do.

Today you have to go to town, you see no hopes of fun; but still you have to get supplies and you're the only one. You reach the town and stay awhile; it's time for home again. It's a long ride for one alone, but still you can't complain. When you get home, it's work again, in fact that's all it seems, but Ah! it's great to live alone outdoors and all it means!

"The Man Who Didn't Forget"

By FRED KERN, '24-J.

A LARGE heating plant was under construction on the east shore of the river. Mike Dulaney, the foreman, perched on a beam thirty feet above the sluggish dark water. His life had been spent on the ground and he had made a mistake in climbing up on the beam. He thought of the return journey and that caused him to waver. In that moment of wavering he was lost.

He never remembered how it happened. He felt nausea grip him in the pit of his stomach, and then a plunge into space and black water rushing over him.

He landed on his feet with a tremendous force and felt a pain in his arm as he sank below the surface. He would not swim but he struggled about splashing wildly, his self-control gone. He felt an arm supporting him as he was struggling for air.

Finally he was dragged to the pier, limp and exhausted. In a few minutes he pulled himself to a sitting position and saw that his rescuer was a boy of sixteen. He struggled to his feet.

He shook hands with the boy and said, "I will pay you back if it's the last thing I do." The boy clasped his hand and friendship was sealed.

As soon as the plant was in operation he gave Tom Porter, the boy who saved him, a job. It wasn't much of a job but Tom was a born mechanic and it wasn't long before he was general assistant to the foreman.

The plant was a large one, supplying heat to a large number of office buildings. Steam was the key-note of its existence and tons of coal per day were poured into furnaces.

Tom was always laughing at the dangers of it and wrestling with the clinkers that threatened the efficiency of the plant. Mike always stood nearby waiting the chance to pay back his debt. But always Tom escaped from all danger.

When the United States declared war, Porter was one of the first to go.

After two years' service he came back and still Mike hadn't paid his debt. Then Mike himself fell into one of the pitfalls from which he hoped to guard his friend. Lying face upward under the grate of a massive furnace he was buried by a deluge of crimson coals which the carelessness of someone had permitted to fall. When they dragged him out he was only a semblance of the man they all knew. His last wish was for Tom, and his last words were a regret that he hadn't paid his debt.

Tom and a few others expected to go to the funeral. For those whom necessity kept at work the plant would cease operation for two minutes on Saturday at three o'clock.

At one o'clock Saturday one of the boilers in the engine room developed trouble. The water was drained from it and Tom gave the word that he would attend to it. Taking a hammer and an electric torch he entered the man-hole and set to work. He was anxious to finish the job and leave the plant to go to the Dulaney home.

Crouched in one end of the boiler busy with his task he lost track of the time. The noises of the plant came dimly to him but he gave them no heed. Finally, finishing his job, he put out the electric torch as he would be guided by the light entering through the man-hole.

He was surprised to see no opening and scrambled toward the place where it had been. He felt with his hands but they only touched the sides of the boiler. Some workman had closed the man-hole thinking Tom was through repairing the boiler.

He realized his position. He was imprisoned in a boiler fifteen feet long and three feet in diameter, just high enough to kneel in. He flashed his electric torch on his watch and saw that it was twenty-five minutes of three. He hadn't calculated to work so long. He picked up his hammer and pounded on the sides of the boiler to attract attention; but it was useless as the noise in the plant was too loud. At any moment the water

might be turned on, warm at first but hotter as it filled up. He continued to pound on the walls of the boiler. Suddenly he was conscious of another noise.

The water began to trickle in, slowly at first, but gradually faster. It was warm but would get hotter and change into steam as the fires got well started. He could end it all, by sinking under the water, with but a little struggling. But as long as he was conscious he would face the situation. The water was growing hotter every minute. Whenever he moved about, the water would cause him great pain when it touched an immune part of his body. The lower part of his body was numb. The noise of the machinery came to him faintly. He felt like going to sleep.

Suddenly all noise ceased and he reached down for his hammer. He drew his hand back with a cry of pain. But he had to get that hammer. He reached down again and his hand closed over it. He pounded on the sides of the boiler. There was an answering tap and he knew that he was saved. The men opened the man-hole and dragged him out. After resting a while he said, "Mike has paid his debt all right."

The lull in the noise of the machinery had been due to the respect paid to Mike Dulaney.

The Last String

By A. BOWEN, '23-J.

IF anyone had chanced to be in the vicinity of Jim Hardy's cabin in the Blueridge Mountains that beautiful August day, his eyes would have been for the moment distracted from the beauties of the woods, as, to his ears came the clear, plaintive notes of a violin. The wood fairly rang as the birds in chorus almost drowned the sweet melody of the strings.

The notes died and a clatter of dishes rose in the air as if in mock derision of the music which had preceded it.

But Jim loved music and when the last dish had disappeared in the cabin cupboard, he was still singing.

He had been born with a love for song and the great outdoors, and when the one had failed him he had gone to the other.

His cabin was large and spacious, and an air of cleanliness and of thorough housekeeping was in the atmosphere. A well kept fence of hand shaped boards surrounded the log structure and seemed at first sight a bulwark of safety.

Jim himself gave an instant impression of capability. He was tall, serene eyed, and seemed rather sure of his forty odd years. High booted shoes, with overalls tucked in at the top, a woolen shirt open at the neck, and a pair of broad shoulders proclaimed him by no means a weakling.

Jim was not alone in the mountains, for Tom Thorpe lived less than a half mile down the valley, with his dog. But Tom was dirty, his cabin was dirty, his clothes were dirty, in fact everything about him was dirty, and Jim hated dirt, and so although they had never come to blows, they had quarreled, and were not the very best of friends. Tom's dog, Giek, was a mean cur, and Jim had often threatened to shoot the beast as it snapped at his heels. But, as the dog was their only real source of quarrel they were what might wisely be called neighbors.

Jim had been musing this as he slowly ate his lunch. His only friend outside of Tom was thirty miles distant and he laughed as he realized they could ill afford to quarrel. Lunch over, he picked up his violin again and began to play some of the pieces he knew so well. As he lovingly fingered the strings, the afternoon sun sank lower in the skies. Lost in melody, the player seemed not to heed the passing time. As he played, the worn, frayed appearance of the E string warned him that he would soon have to replace it. Night was fast falling, he reflected, and he must do some work. As he arose from his chair and turned toward the door the sight which met his eyes made his blood run cold. There stood the largest mountain lion he had ever seen in his life in the mountains. As he stared, the animal seemed to awaken and it uttered a low growl. For a moment man and beast glared each other in the eye, while Jim's mind worked. He had had many an adventure and many a narrow escape from snarling death, but never had he found himself in such a predicament. His rifle and knife lay close beside the lion, and he knew any attempt to regain them would draw a spring from the savage beast. Time was precious! The animal was crouching now; in another moment it would spring!

Jim was no coward, but, suddenly he remembered how, when a child he had seen a swarthy Hindu charm a dozen creeping, crawling snakes with an instrument composed of reeds.

Seizing his violin he began to play music for his life. The animal slowly settled on his haunches and the fire seemed to die from his eyes. A cold sweat broke out over Jim as on and on he fiddled. Snap! The moisture from his fingers had caused the warm string to break. But still as in a dream on and on he worked. Minutes passed—hours passed and still Jim fiddled. But how long could he stand the strain? Could he outlast the beast? Would it finally go? Crack! The A string was gone. For a moment it seemed as though he must give up and take his chance of life or death. Still there was hope and he fiercely struck the notes of "Humoresque", and on he played. The shadows had fallen when, Snap! the D string went. Only one string was left. Still as if in an nightmare on and on he drew his bow. Every bone in his body ached. Vivid thoughts flashed through his mind. Would he fiddle to his death? There would be no one to mourn, he recollected. But life was sweet and

Jim played on. The music sounded dully in his ears. Crash! A blinding flash and the room was filled with smoke and he remembered no more.

"I just felt as though we should be friends," said Tom, a little later, "so I just dropped over, and I kinda reckon I was right on time."

"So do I," said Tom, as he seized the outstretched hand.

The Magic Hour

By E. STOUTENBURGH, '24-J

ON an afternoon in midsummer, a bill poster was making his rounds of the billboards taking down old advertisements and putting up new ones. He had mixed a quantity of paste in the morning so that he would not have to prepare any more during the day. It was very hot, and by four o'clock he was wishing for a drink of the stuff that passed out July 1, 1919. A friend had told him of a place where he could get it and as luck would have it the house was nearby, so he proceeded there and leaving the buckets of paste on the sidewalk, he entered.

Ima Dubh, a direct descendant of Mohammed—in fact he had descended quite a step from that old fellow called the Prophet—retained one priceless possession which he guarded with the utmost secrecy—a flask containing a fluid known to him as the Essence of Life. This flask he kept with him constantly in an inner pocket of his coat. The afternoon being hot, he removed his coat and carried it on his arm. Desiring to rest, he stopped at the very spot where the bill poster had left his buckets of paste. In some unaccountable manner, the flask fell from the pocket into a bucket and its contents became mixed with the paste. In due time the bill poster resumed his work and the paste was used to hold many display ads in place.

At the magic hour of twelve, the power of the Essence of Life took effect and the bill board advertisements became animated. The wheels of the Lincoln car began to spin as if to say, "Come, take a ride in me." In answer to this invitation young Chesterfield from across the street, left his poster and seated himself at the wheel of the elegantly equipped car. He proceeded along the street until he came to Patricia, the beautiful Palm Olive girl, whom he invited to join him for a ride.

She accepted his invitation and suggested that they go to the Pig'n Whistle, but this did not appeal to Chet, so they started for the beach. Before they had gone very far they saw the Hart, Schaffner and Mark's model strolling with the young girl from Liebes. The machine was stopped and the latter two were induced to join the party.

Arriving at the ocean's side, the bright lights of the Cliff House appealed to the young people, so they entered and for half an hour danced to the jazzy strains of the orchestra.

When the music stopped, they continued down the beach where they amused themselves with rides on the Bob's Sled, the Aeroplanes, the Ferris Wheel and other attractions.

As the hour neared one, a feeling of responsibility seized them and they realized that they should be returning to their posts. So they re-entered the machine and sped toward the city. On the way they ran over a piece of glass which caused a puncture. Young Chesterfield cut a Kelly Springfield from a nearby billboard and replaced his damaged tire with it.

Again they sped onward. As they turned a corner they were brought to an abrupt halt by coming suddenly upon Brown and his mule walking in the middle of the street. Just then a loud clang rang out on the still air as a nearby clock struck one. This so alarmed the mule that he began rearing and kicking furiously and in so doing kicked the machine with its occupants high into the air. As if by magic, they were drawn to their original places on the billboards where they were left to ponder over their strange adventures during the Magic Hour.

All In A Day

By SARAH BARNUM, '23-J.

TRUE STORY OF A FOUR YEAR OLD.

THE day started out all wrong any way. He had been put to bed too early to suit him the night before and very obligingly he had wakened at six the next morning. In order to keep him from disturbing the whole house, his mother had dressed him and sent him outdoors. Junior was pleased with that because right across the corner from his own house another building was being erected, and have you ever seen a healthy normal boy not interested in that? Also Junior's father was having the ceilings of two of the apartments retinted and there was five inviting cans of paint in the basement.

Junior went downstairs. What to do first? After quite a bit of work and quite a bit more noise he managed to squeeze his coaster through the basement door. He rode up and down the hill for awhile but that was very uninteresting. There was no one to talk to and pushing one's own coaster was no fun. A bright idea flashed through Junior's head. One of his very numerous bright ideas. His coaster was becoming very shabby and he knew it should be painted. He had seen some nice thick grease, machine oil ("ink" as he called it) on the street just a little way down. That would fix his coaster up beautifully. Down he rode and with a long stick proceeded to decorate his 'chine. It worked fine but when he sat down on it after finishing the job he found that there was, "jus a lil'," on his clothes. Junior decided his coaster had better go back into the "base" until it dried.

What was that he saw? Paint. His favorite occupation. Also there was a box of some kind of powder (calimine) that looked very interesting. With a trowel that he found in the garage he shovelled some into the paint. It mixed wonderfully but with a shovel it worked too slow so he took handfuls of it and dropped some into every can. With the stick with which he had, "inked", his coaster, he stirred them all together.

"Junior, Junior, come in for breakfast. "There was his mother calling him and just when he was the busiest; well he needn't hear her.

"Junior, here comes Daddy after you." It was the best thing to do under the circumstances so up he went.

During the meal, "Dad, I fixed the paint for the paint man."

"Yes, what did you do?"

"Oh, I just mixed it up."

Junior's father thought nothing of it at the time but very soon the painters arrived. Of course it was up to Junior's father to punish him but after much begging and coaxing he was let off on the promise that he would not do it again and the painters departed for more paint.

Junior very despondent went out for new worlds to conquer. To his joy a truck was just bringing up a load of sand. What could be better than sand to play in especially when there was a hose near by from which to get water to make lakes and rivers. Very quickly with the aid of Bobby, age three, and Bill, age five, a wonderful lake came into existence. There were many little boats to sail on the water and soon there was a regular fleet.

Horrors! What happened? Trying to reach the farthest boat Junior missed his footing and in he went. Not deep, no, but it surely was wet. Of course as luck would have it his mother was watching out the window and in he had to come. The mixture of grease, sand, and water had made a grand mess so into the tub he had to go.

When he finished his bath and his mother was getting out his clean koveralls he found something new to play with, something that needed investigating. An electric bulb. In his excitement over finding such a queer plaything he dropped it. Bang! How did he know it would break. It was very inconsiderate. His mother was very angry and threatened to tell his father but, "Aw, Ma! I won't do it again" finally won.

His lunch was uneventful. He was still a little awed at his father's displeasure and kept very, very quiet. After his lunch he went outside again.

During his absence Bobby and Bill had dissappeared so he had to find something to do by himself. He had quite forgotten about the paint episode by this time, that was so long ago.

On his way to get his "bike" he saw some brand new paint in the basement, besides that there were some paint brushes temptingly near. The basement he decided needed a new coat of paint. He painted the

walls, the door, some boxes, the floor, the ash can, some flower pots, everything that he could reach. He was sure he would be appreciated. There was Bobby outside calling him. Leaving the paint he went out and down to Bobby's garage. Bobby's sister, Helen, was there too. They played for a long time without anything happening but Junior couldn't he held in long and when Helen declared her rightful ownership to her "Kittie Kar", and he would not give it up, he was sent home.

Time would have dragged heavily on his hands if it had not been for the men that were building the house. They enjoyed kidding him immensely. Tom, the foreman was the best friend to Junior though and stood up for him whenever he really did something that he should not have done. Junior played until dinner time on the lumber and then came in about the third or fourth time he was called. His father coming up the back way saw a tell-tale streak of paint on the floor. He looked further and saw his young son's masterpiece. I will not go into details but it will do to say that Junior didn't have a word to say at the dinner table and that night he went to bed without a whimper feeling it had been a perfect ending to a perfect day.

The Coveted Hat

By GERTRUDE MUNDER, '22-J.

YOU seem to be in an awful hurry, Nancy. What's the matter?" A tall broad-shouldered young man confronted the girl. "Oh, Frank, how are you and how was the game today? My hurry? Oh, perhaps I am unconsciously rushing along. You see Frank—but then perhaps it wouldn't interest you."

"But it would Nancy."

"Well then, you see, they have the darlingest little hat down in Mme. Vogue's window and every day I am afraid it may be sold. Would you, perhaps, like to see it?" asked Nancy, looking doubtfully at her companion. "I know a football game is much more interesting, but—"

"I like girls and pretty hats too, Nancy. Show me the coveted hat."

A few more steps and they stood before the large plate-glass window filled with beautiful creations.

"It's that one, Frank—that blue one in the corner with those exquisite black feathers and, oh! wouldn't I love—" she burst forth longingly—but checking herself she added, quite gayly, "but I must be going, Frank. Good-bye." But Frank had noted the intense, wistful yearning in her eyes. He liked Nancy. She was just the kind of a girl a fellow would like.

"I'll see you tomorrow at school," said Frank, "so long."

Nancy and her mother lived alone on the outskirts of town. Mrs. Flavor was a widow and had done dressmaking for many years in order to support herself and daughter.

"Oh mumsie," Nancy burst in, "can't you spare a little time dear? Come down with me—the walk will do you good—I want to show you the sweetest little hat in Mme. Vogue's window. I know, we can't but it, but it is so pretty!"

"Mumsie" put on her hat, a shabby little black hat, which had been trimmed and retrimmed but still had to do service.

"There it is," mother dear. "Isn't it lovely?"—and they both gazed into the gorgeous window.

"It is exquisite, my child—the soft grey folds and the ostrich tip. Ah! it is sweet enough to wear to heaven." And the same wistful look came into Mrs. Flavor's tired eyes as had come into Nancy's that afternoon.

"But, Mumsie dear, you are looking at the wrong hat!" exclaimed Nancy. "Look, right next to it, the blue velvet one with the curling black feathers," and then after a pause, "come dear, it is time we cook dinner."

It hadn't occurred to Nancy before that her mother might like pretty things too, but now she could not forget the look on the tired, worn face as Mrs. Flavor looked at the grey hat. Nancy had been selfish to think only of herself. She felt ashamed. Wasn't there some way she could earn some money and buy that hat for her mother?

But the big annual football game was to take place next week. Frank would play. All the girls would wear new hats. Wouldn't she just love to wear that one with the tantalizing feathers—but that was conceit—she bravely put that thought aside.

Luck was with Nancy. Next morning on the way to school she detected a sign in Mme. Vogue's window, reading, "Model wanted." She hastened in, madame engaged her. She would work every afternoon that week during the Fashion Show, from four to six o'clock and her pay would be—the little grey hat, as she wished.

Never had Nancy worked so enthusiastically. She put on hat after hat for Madame's customers. Her sweet face and winning smile made many a sale. Oh! but when the much coveted blue velvet hat with those wonderful feathers was sold, Nancy could not help a little heartache. But she tried to be brave. Mother's yearning, wistful face rose before her. Poor mother, nothing but hard work all these many years and so few things to brighten her life!

On her way home, Nancy met Frank.

"How about the hat?" asked he.

"Oh, I'm working for it," answered Nancy lightly. "I'll see you at the game next week—" and she hastened along.

Saturday came and Nancy, walked proudly home with her prize. And as dear old Mrs. Flavor learned that the wondrous, beautiful hat was

for her, the surprise and bewilderment and sweet joy that mingled in her face would never be forgotten by Nancy.

The next week was the big event. Nancy took mother. It was a wonderful game. Cheer after cheer arose as Frank's team won. Soon Nancy saw Frank's fine athletic figure coming toward them through the crowd.

"Bravo, Frank," she cried, "I knew you'd win!"

"Thank you Nancy," he said, and he glanced up, looking for the new hat. But her beautiful hair was uncovered. From her he looked to Mrs. Flavor. Then he understood. The new little grey hat told the tale.

"Nancy," he said, "you're a brick!"

And Nancy's sparkling eyes bespoke the great happiness that the sacrifice had brought her.

It Doesn't Mean Anything

By W. PIERSON, '22-X

FOR no reason whatsoever the villain enters and kidnaps the heroine. As a matter of habit, the hero starts to the rescue.

While the chase is under way, let us pause in the flood of time long enough to allow me to set forth a description of the characters of our little drama. According to the form, "ladies first" (I prefer, "safety first") I shall begin by a short but pointed description of the heroine. She is a blonde, with glossy black hair, eyes the hue of December chestnuts, below which, is her nose, and following her nose we arrive at her cherry lips. I can see no ears, but I am told she has several beneath the muffs. Her costume deserves careful study, so see the illustrations in "Vogue."

The villain's face is a rough example of a relief map. Reading from left to right on the upper row, the mountains and valleys are as follows: left ear, left eye, nose, right eye, and right ear. This gentleman is so belligerent that when he meets himself on the street he knocks himself down so that he cannot hurt himself.

And last but not least, our hero! Words cannot describe him so see Wally Reid in "The Affairs of Anatol."

After an exciting chase, a chase that no pen can describe (see Tom Mix in anything) our hero arrives in time to see the girl taken into a haunted house (this was very popular with comedies released last year.) Our hero does a Douglas Fairbanks and terminates in the main room of the house ahead of the villain and girl. While he is waiting he catches a ghost and fills his flask with departed spirits. Then he hides in no place particular, which is very satisfactory, while the villain comes in with the girl. Presently a voice is heard saying, "A man awaits without."

“Without what?” orates the villain.

“Without the door,” coos the voice.

“Give the pass word,” exasperates the villain.

“Habeas Corpus.”

“Modus operandi.”

“Terra firma.”

The stranger is admitted and because of his likeness to the great actor, Bull Montana, we will hereafter call him by that name.

Our hero must now act quickly. He playfully tosses the piano on the villain, throws the Bull and dashes for life and liberty with the girl. But alas, what shall I do, no sooner are they on their way than the villain returns to this world of ours and resumes the chase. They tear o’er hill and dale, and many a time and oft the dice of “Fate” rolls from the hand of “Death”, but “Life” rolls her own. A town springs in view, half a mile, half a mile, half a mile onward. They reach the town and see “under the spreading chestnut tree”, O. G. Whiz, the deputy. He is told of the approaching villain, and living up to his slogan “I am old, but I am bold, I am forty nine”, he captures the villain as he enters the town. The party then adjourns to the court house, where Judge M. Quick holds the trial as follows:

First, to test the villain for sanity a sheet of paper bearing the following Edison questions is given him.

1. Cross out the “b’s” in the poem below:

“Listen my children and you shall hear,
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.”

—Willy Shakespeare.

2. Solve the following problem:

If twenty-six men build a three-story brick house in three months, how long will it take fourteen men to shingle a roof containing one thousand square feet if redwood shingles are used?

3. Write the Chinese alphabet in the reverse order. How many more letters are there than when written in the usual way?

4. What is wrong in the following sentence: Prohibition is strongly enforced.

5. Do you think William Jennings Bryan will ever run for President?

6. Of what country is Pavlowa the capitol?

7. Who stars in the “Three Musketeers”?

8. Do you think it is Douglas Fairbank’s best picture?

9. If a yard stick is twenty-four inches long, how many square feet in its volume?

10. Is McSweeney Irish? If so, why not?

P. S.—If you are still sane, figure out your income tax. This is guaranteed to drive any one crazy.

After this test the judge continues as below:

"Your name and age?" begins the judge.

"Heinz, fifty-seven", returns the villain, who knows he is in a bad pickle.

"In what state were you born?"

"The infant state, you honor."

"The jewelry finds you gildy, have you any last statement to make?"

"Your a better man than I, Gordon Ginn."

But it doesn't mean anything.

Good-Night Knight

By ED. RICH, '23-J.

HAMMOND Brown, otherwise known as "Ham", was seated on the lounge in the front room of his home reading a time-worn copy of the famous book entitled, "King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table."

"Ham" was a youngster in his tenth year on our plane, and whether we are better or worse for his stay, you must decide.

Outside, the sky was blue and the casual observer might have wondered why, on a day like that one, the lively personage known as "Ham," was inside quietly reading, instead of outside, disturbing everybody's peace in general.

"Ham" was a devil; his father said so. He was unmanageable, and his father had turned him over (which is often the case) to his mother. Mrs. Brown was a regular mother and naturally she had "Ham's" interest deeply at heart. Recently she had been indeed worried about his behavior. He sulked when scolded, refused to fill the coal-bin, and he was a general nuisance. At last nearly driven to distraction, she had been forced to keep him in. Thus the solution to the mystery of the quietude and blissful solitude.

At the conclusion of the chapter he was reading, he looked up. His face was aglow with the expression that gives way to boyish inspiration. It was eleven o'clock. Yes, he would have time. But his mother? Still he had an hour before lunch.

Poor Mrs. Brown! Imagine how you would feel if your own son should suddenly sprout wings and become an angel. If you can imagine how you would feel you can, in a measure, imagine the feelings of Mrs. Brown. The coal-bin full, the kitchen floor scrubbed, and his own bed made! Incredible!

But Mrs. Brown soon recognized the antics, and she knew that soon some boyish request would be made, and that she would have a hard time to refuse it.

At twelve o'clock sharp "Ham" trudged into the kitchen, where his mother was mixing a tasty something for the dinner meal. The floor was covered with newspapers put there by "Ham" himself to ward off dirty feet from his spotlessly clean linoleum. He sat down with the air of a tired business man and crossing his legs, he began, "Mother, dear, haven't I been kinda' good to-day?"

"Just for the last hour, son; you remember the coal-bin hasn't been filled for the last week."

"I know mother, but if I am good you will let me go out this afternoon, won't you?"

"I will see."

"Aw, please, Ma."

"Very well, but—"

But with this "Ham" had bounded out the door and was soon out of sight.

That afternoon about two o'clock, Mrs. Brown from the window saw her son leading a group of about twelve boys into her cellar. For the time being she paid little attention, but, at last, puzzled by the unusual quiet she went to the cellar door and opened it. She saw her son seated on an improvised throne. In "Ham's" hand was a wooden sword and he was saying to a bareheaded boy kneeling at his feet "I make you a Knight of Hamilton Brown's Cellar. But you must be good and help your mother (here an indistinct gulp from Mrs. Brown) and then maybe you will find—"

"Mother", he said, "this is a secret and—"

"Very, well, son, I just wanted to see if everything was all right. It was so quiet."

She closed the door, and as she did so she thought she heard a muffled, "Gee, that was a narrow escape."

Smiling to herself she went about her work and forgot the little incident.

These meetings kept up day by day, but not always did the boys remain in the cellar. Sometimes Mrs. Brown could see them curiously dressed in sheets with dish-pans on their heads, and here and there a plume, parading up and down the yard. But the most peculiar part about it was that Mrs. Brown was sure that she recognized some of the kitchen utensils, and one of the plumes she was sure that she had seen some place before.

But wondrous was the change in "Ham". No more scoldings. The coal-bin always full, the kitchen floor a joy to behold, and last but not least "Ham" liked to go to Sunday-School. At any rate he said he did. And so rapidly did he climb the "Holy Heights", that soon he became a member of the choir, and boasted of it too.

One afternoon "Red" Jackson, "Ham's" right hand man, came running into the yard shouting, "I have found it, I have found it! It is down in—"

That night a close observer might have noticed that "Ham" ate his dinner a little hurriedly and was a bit excited. After dinner he excused himself and told his folks that he was going over to "Red's" house.

Fifteen minutes later one could see twelve boys dressed in the creations heretofore mentioned, heading toward a small second-hand store.

The store was the establishment of a Jewish gentleman named Isaac Isaacs.

As the boys approached the shop, "Red" took the lead closely followed by "Ham". When they were directly in front of the building, "Red" stopped short and pointing to a newly polished loving cup in the window he exclaimed, "There it is!"

After a long gasp the boys suddenly coming to their senses, led on by "Ham" seized some large stones and threw them at the window. The resounding crash aroused the old man Isaacs and he immediately shouted for the police. "Ham" seized the loving cup and the boys ran in a body toward "Red's" house. It was a queer sight. Dish-pans flying this way and that and occasionally the sound of the tearing of a sheet. But such a commotion aroused the bystanders and soon the boys were stopped by a big, burly policeman. He addressed "Ham".

"What were you doing, son," he asked.

"Running," meekly replied "Ham".

This brought a laugh from the crowd and enraged the policeman. Just then the old man Isaacs appeared on the scene breathing hard.

"These rascals broke into my shop window and stole my silver loving cup. This one here (pointing to "Ham") has it. Arrest them all."

And arrest them he did, and they were hustled to the nearest police station.

The telephone wires were warm for about fifteen minutes and the result was that one hour later the court-room was filled with anxious mothers, angry fathers, and amused spectators.

One by one the judge called on the boys who told him that "Ham" was their leader.

"We only want the facts," said the judge in as serious a voice as he could manage to use, for already the comedy of the occasion was beginning to tell on all those present except the boys.

"Well, anyway," started "Ham" in a faltering voice, "one morning I was kept in for being bad, and so I started in to read "Knights of the Round Table." I read about the search for the "Holy Jail!"

"The what?" asked the already grinning judge.

"The 'Holy Jail.' "

Here the audience realizing the joke of the whole affair, roared. "Ham" turned red and then with all the courage he could master he said, "Well you needn't laugh, because we found it!"

The audience suddenly settled down wondering what was coming next.

Then with the air of a conquerer "Ham" drew from the folds of his sheet the loving cup.

It was a long time before the judge could obtain order, but when the court-room had again settled down "Ham's" father arose and gave a short speech suggesting that the hat be passed to pay for Mr. Isaac's window and the rest to be given to the boys for their recent good behavior.

His plan met with approval and the hat was passed netting enough to cover the cost of the window and leaving about ten dollars which the boys changed into pennies the next day.

That afternoon Brown's cellar was perfectly quiet except for two sounds. One was the sound of money changing hands, and the other was the shrill voice of "Ham" dividing the money in the good old way, "One for you and one for me."

The Mystery

WITH APOLOGIES TO CAPITAL.

By ALICE AHTYE, '22-J.

THE war between Capital and Labor? It was laughed at. It was foolish even to think of such a thing. But just the same Labor had closed up all the cosmetic factories in order to gain its rights when imported goods were forbidden in the U. S.!

Here I will relate to you the sad, but thrilling story of the Capitalist's daughter and the triumph of Labor.

This happened in the year 2021 Id. March. Those fatal Ides of March! My narration begins.

The beautiful heiress stood in the marble balcony of her father's mansion. Her face was blanched with horror. Her treasure which was more worthless than her father's possessions stolen! She seemed like one in a trance. The robbery was too great. It did not seem true. The box lay on the table, its contents gone! A most gruesome thing indeed!

And on the night of her marriage! At the thought of it she screamed and fell in a swoon. Her father and all the household servants came running into her boudoir. She was on the floor her face in a deathlike mask.

They quickly poured some water from the goldfish bowl onto her lovely face. Consciousness slowly waved back.

She looked so pitiful, this lovely flower of his. From her infancy he had given her everything she had desired. "Oh! father, father, I cannot be married," moaned the unhappy maiden.

"But daughter mine, you must be brave," answered the old man.

“Oh! father but I cannot; hand me my mirror.” The reflection from the shine on her nose almost blinded her. She dropped it (the mirror). Her father caught it. Perspiration stood in beads on his wide, intelligent forehead. Saved from seven years of bad luck!

After much persuasion Annabelle Gwendolyn yielded, because of a scandal otherwise.

The fatal hour struck four! It was time to dress. At eight o'clock could be seen a wondrous maiden, her appearance beyond description, most exquisite!

The eye could see her dainty slippered feet, then her gossamer attire, her marcelled hair, the plucked eyebrow, the beaded eyelashes, then her face; but the nose—the nose was there! Even Solomon in all his glory could not shine thus.

She looked at herself in the mirror. At the sight she weakened. No! she could not do it. She must tell her father.

She searched the whole house, but could not find him. Finally she came to the cellar. There he stood laboriously mixing some contents in a kettle.


The nostrils of her aristocratic nose dilated. The smell, the smell was the same!! He was about to pour the last bit into the kettle. She ran and snatched it away. In his eagerness to produce the kick he did not see her.

The night lights blazed forth from the marble mansion. The bride stood under the flowered arch with an ethereal look on her countenance. She was now 100 per cent perfect and her nose a renaissance! But the contents of the kettle, alas! it is too painful to mention it.

Another civil war had begun. A man and woman were pronounced man and wife by the simple words, “Obey and pass over the payroll.”

Radio

By W. T. MILLS, '22-J.

 ONE of the most mystifying things about radio communication to most people is the fact that there can be many different stations sending messages at the same time, and that a person with a receiving set may receive the signals of any certain station without being interfered with. This is the case providing of course that the wave-lengths of the various transmitting stations are all different.

The matter is very simple if one knows the meaning of wave-length. First a brief description of a transmitting station should be given, as that is the place where the signals originate. The aerial consists of several wires suspended in the air and insulated from the ground. The “ground” consists of a connection made to earth or its equivalent. The connections from the ground and from the aerial are brought to the sending instruments. These instruments are of many different types, but they all serve

the same purpose, namely, to charge and discharge the aerial with a comparatively high voltage. This charging and discharging of the aerial causes electro-magnetic waves to be radiated from it, the frequency of which may be controlled practically at will.

If these waves are sent out very frequently, it may be seen that the first will not have traveled very far, before another has started and that the distance between each successive wave will naturally be small. On the other hand if the waves are sent out slowly, the distance that the first will have traveled before the second starts, will naturally be greater. If there are a great many waves radiated per second from the transmitting aerial, the wave-length, or distance between each successive wave is said to be short, while if there are comparatively few waves radiated, the wave-length is said to be long. Thus the wave-length of a station is nothing more than the distance measured in meters, between the crest of each successive wave leaving the transmitting aerial.

These electro-magnetic waves travel at the speed of light, namely, 186,000 miles per second, or in the metric system, 300,000,000 meters per second.

Now if the set were to radiate one wave every second, the distance that one wave would go before the next one started on its journey, would be 300,000,000 meters and consequently a wave-length of 300,000,000 meters would result. Again if the apparatus of the station is adjusted so as to send 1,500,000 waves per second, which is a very common thing, the wave-length may be found by dividing 300,000,000 by 1,500,000 to give the distance between each successive wave. This wave-length (200 meters) happens to be the one to which the United States Government restricts the American amateur.

Wave-lengths of 100 meters to 20,000 meters are being used successfully in radio communication at the present time. Just as transmitting apparatus may be adjusted to these different wave-lengths, by similar adjustments, receiving apparatus may be made to respond to different wave-lengths. For example, all of the stations aboard ships have a standard wave-length of 600 meters. Now all of the amateurs this side of Mars could be transmitting at once and if their apparatus were adjusted to the Government regulations, they would not interfere with anyone receiving a ship station. If another ship station were to start sending, confusion would result immediately, the reason being that there would be two stations sending on the same wave-length.

With a good receiving set, two stations may be sending on wave-lengths differing only a few meters; they may be sending simultaneously and either station may be received at will.

The Submachine Gun

By EDWARD WASHER

THIS latest machine gun is the invention of General John Thompson, Director of Arsenals and Chief of small arms production during the world war. Its success is due perhaps to the fact that it is radically different from other machine guns.

The weight of this gun varies from three to seven pounds and its rate of fire is fifteen hundred shots per minute. It is made in calibers .22, .32, .38 and .45 this being the cause of its various weights. It is air cooled and has only eleven parts. Its range is one mile and it will kill at that distance. The gun varies in length from sixteen to twenty-two inches, this also depending on the caliber. It has no base but is held in the hands, there being two revolver grips for that purpose. One is attached behind the magazine and the other is in front on the barrel. A stock may also be attached so that it may be fired from the shoulder.

There are two types of magazines used on this gun; one is the straight type as used on automatic pistols and the other is the disc type which holds from fifty to one hundred cartridges. The ammunition may be either ball or buck shot. When fitted with a shoulder stock it may be used as a semi-automatic shoulder rifle and shots may be fired as fast as the trigger can be pulled. Firing in this manner, one hundred hits per minute up to five hundred yards is a possibility.

In future wars this gun will play an important part as the infantry will no doubt be equipped with them. At present it is being used for police purposes as the sale is restricted to officers of law. The New York Police Department has adopted this gun for the use of the riot squad.

Why Rails Creep

By ALFRED KRAEGER, '22-J

A RAILROAD track appears to be one of the most solid of immovable structures, yet it is continually creeping in one direction or the other. The problem of creeping rails is one of the most difficult that is awaiting solution in the science of railroading. The best spikes, the best ties, the best and finest ballast may be used; the rails may be bolted and fish-plated in accordance with the best and most scientific practice and experience but still they will creep. The main reason is the heavy pounding of the locomotive and the drag of the freight cars going up and down grades. Another is the continual contraction and expansion due to heat and cold. Unless the tracks are closely watched, the dreaded kickout or kickup is sure to cause a wreck. The place where this trouble may be found is on a down grade followed by a curve and then an up grade.

A long, heavy freight train with the engine weighs about two thousand tons. When such a train reaches a down grade the engineer applies the brakes sufficiently, so that the train will not gain speed, while he is rounding the curve. When the brake-shoes grip the wheels the threads begin to pull at the point of contact with the rails. They are shoved forward a small fraction of an inch and the joints at the foot of the grade get the full force of the mighty downward drag. At the lowest point before the up grade begins, the ends of the rails will be found pressed tightly together. When the train starts on the up grade the locomotive wheels have a tendency to push the track back because the power required to pull the train up.

On a single track, where the trains run in both directions it has been found that the creeping of the rails on the level is less than on a double-track where the trains move the same way on the same track.

If the rails are not carefully watched and repairs made at the proper time they are likely to tie themselves in a knot at the point where the downward pressure reaches its climax. In order to give them a certain amount of play, and counteract creeping, slotted holes for the spikes are drilled through the tieplates. To keep the spikes from working loose by contraction, expansion, and forward and backward movements of the rails, the holes for the bolts in the fishplates are also slotted.

A sudden hot spell of weather will cause the tracks to expand. It is then that the creeping that has been going on toward the foot of the grades reaches a climax. There is no power more irresistible than the expansion of steel. The track on the curve at the foot of the grade must give somewhere. It is known by railmen's authority to move as much as three feet upward or sideward. The rail will always bend in the direction of the least resistance.

To straighten out such a rail is not an easy matter. The workmen start at the top of the grade where the gaps between the rails are the greatest and force them back until they are close together. This is done all the way down the down grade. At the foot of the grade it is found that the track has been shortened about twelve or eighteen inches. The bent rail is taken out and a new one is cut the required length and fitted into place.

There are few accurate statistics about creeping rails. Each piece of track gives different figures, according to the local conditions. The creeping of the rails on the Ead's bridge over the Mississippi River at St. Louis has been measured frequently. Hundreds of trains pass over this bridge every week. Fifty feet of rail is cut every month from the east end of the east bound track and from the west end of track over which the west bound trains pass. It has been necessary to put a creeper device on one end and a feed-rail on the other in order to correct the movement and prevent unexpected gaps in the steel.



*"Hew to the line,
Let the quips fall where they may."*



EDITOR

MANAGER



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Editorial

AT last the great work is over; a term has passed, full of scrambling, trying times, with the eternal questions, "Will we ever get it ready?" and "Will it be out on time?" ever before us.

In the overcoming of our great obstacles we have become indebted to many people. At school Miss Jackson and Mrs. Woodland have given timely advice and material help in the preparation of this book for print. Miss Boulware has been ever alert also to help us in our endeavor to make the book artistically correct. Mr. Merrill and Mr. Heymann assisted us greatly in the solving of our problems. All the material in the book had to be type-written and it is to Miss Burns and Miss Greig we are indebted for the accomplishment of this tedious and tiresome work.

In the business transactions we received helpful and practical advice from every side. Bushnell is responsible for the photography reproduced on these pages. Mr. Davis of the American Engraving Company cheerfully gave us the benefits of his experience in the engraving business, much to our advantage. The Hansen Company printed this book and were very helpful to us in its preparation.

To the members of the "Life" Staff must be given due credit for their untiring efforts to make this journal worthy of the school it represents.

The first step taken in the accomplishment of this issue was the making of a dummy. This was an exact replica of the "Life" to be. But before the real "Life" went to print this dummy had to be changed many, many times. After getting this far we were informed by a kind Faculty member that we would have to make out a budget.

Our budget accepted, we set to work to put out the journal, the manager taking care of the art work and pictures and the editor the work of collecting the material and putting it in shape.

Those weeks seemed like eternity; it seemed at times as if we never would accomplish anything. We would decide that all was well when something unexpected would upset all plans. So it continued until the object of all our endeavor was ready to be put into the hands of the waiting world of students and friends.

The culmination of all our efforts of the past short term is now before you. Our issue of the "Life" may be small, for it represents a small class, but we believe that its quality will cause it to stand high in the competition for honors.

We, the editor and manager, feel that we have profited immeasurably from our experience as the pilots of this book, our craft, and we send it forth in the trust that it is worthy of the Lick-Wilmerding-Lux High Schools.



*"How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er
In states unborn and accents yet unknown."*

—SHAKESPEARE.



LUX
STUDENT
BODY
OFFICERS





L-W
STUDENT
BODY
OFFICERS



President's Message

By ELLEN KNOLES, '22-J

THE students returned to Lux the first Monday of August, according to the regular school Calendar.

The new class was welcomed warmly by the Student Body. Their temporary president, Olive Barnum, personally expressed this welcome.

On Wednesday, August the third, regular classes began, with a great deal of eagerness and enthusiasm, and none of this spirit has been dampened at any time since.

The first event of the season was a rally, held Wednesday, August seventeenth, for the purpose of welcoming the new students and introducing them to the activities of the school.

Another rally was held, the twenty-eighth of August, the main purpose of which was to announce the dance of the three Student Bodies, Lick-Wilmerding and Lux. The '24-X girls presented an enjoyable stunt on this occasion.

The Hallowe'en rally, given on the L-W oval, was the outstanding event of the season. Stunts and dancing afforded the entertainment of the evening.

As representative of the Lux Student Body, I wish to thank the members of the Faculty for their constant assistance. I also wish to express my thanks to the Student Body for its loyal support.

President's Message

By WALTER SIMI, '22-J

EVER since the Lick and Wilmerding Student Bodies were united, this organization has grown stronger and more stable. A little over a year ago a move from the old Lick building to the new Wilmerding building was made, which brought these schools still nearer to each other.

The new Semester was started with a peppy "Freshman Rally." The new class was heartily received and like all other Freshman classes soon grasped the old "Tiger Spirit."

There is in this Student Body a certain spirit, a spirit beyond a commonplace feeling of loyalty; it is the winning spirit and the spirit prompted by the ambition to be superior in every way at all times.

Through my term of office I have felt the guidance that our experienced instructors have given, and I wish to thank the members of the Faculty for their kind assistance in student problems.

I take this opportunity to thank the fellows for the support they have given student activities.

Social Events

IN order to interest the Freshmen in the school organizations, the Forum gave the '22-J's a party on September 2, 1921. The program comprised mostly comic recitations and readings, together with piano and vocal selections.

The activities of the L-W-L Student Bodies were begun by a dance at Lux on September 8, 1921. The Jazz Band provided its excellent music.

A party was given early in September by the Lux '24-X class in the Living room with the '25-J class members as guests of honor. The purpose of the party was to extend greetings to the girls of the incoming class.

On Friday, September 30, 1921, the schools were given a holiday for the purpose of staging the Junior-Freshman picnic. The picnic was given by the '23-J class to the '25-J's and was held at Pinehurst.

At noon all enjoyed a big luncheon which was served cafeteria style.

Luncheon was followed by hikes and dancing. Dancing was continued until four o'clock when the party dispersed, tired but happy.

On October 28, 1921, the L-W-L Student Bodies held a Hallowe'en Rally on the Wilmerding oval. Bleachers and stage were erected for the occasion. Thus a Lick Bowl sprang into temporary existence. A short rally was held followed by stunts by the fellows and girls of each class; and say, that was some bon-fire the girls had to do their dancing stunt around.

Following the rally was a dance, given in the Freehand Drawing room, which was attended by a large crowd.

On November 4, the class of Christmas nineteen-twenty-three gave a dance to the class of nineteen-twenty-one in return for the Junior-Freshman reception given them by the upper class.

Saturday, November 5, was the date of the theater party and luncheon given by the '22-J girls. The girls met at the Bib and Tucker where reservations had previously been made for luncheon. After enjoying a delightful repast together the party went to the Century theater.

On the afternoon of November 10, the '22-X class gave a dance at Lux. All the members of the '22-X class and all student body officers and class presidents were present.

The '24-J class gave the '22-J's a very enjoyable dance on Nov. 17 in return for the delightful picnic given to the former on their entrance to L-W and Lux.

The Student Body Dance given by the Seniors at the St. Francis Hotel on Dec. 10, proved a fitting close to the social events of the year. The proceeds of the dance went to the "Life". Members of both the alumni and student body were present. This event proved to be the most prominent one of the Fall term.



C. BERTOCCHI, PRESIDENT, '22-J

V. KENNEDY, SECRETARY, '22-J

Lux

Under the leadership of our able president, Cecilia Bertocchi, the '22-J class started its Senior year with a great deal of enthusiasm. Our other officers are: vice-president, Thais Kirkpatrick; secretary, Viola Kennedy; treasurer, Edlo Morton, sergeant-at-arms, Eleanor Noethig; and yell leader, Pearl Moscovitz. The members elected to the Board of Control are Alice Ahtye and Fern Scott.

On November 5th we gave a luncheon at the Bib & Tucker and a theatre party at the Century. This was the first social event of the semester and it certainly was a huge success. Many more affairs of this kind have been planned by the girls for the coming term.

Basketball is still the favorite sport of our class and our team is as "scrappy" as ever. The team is as follows: Forwards, Lois Williams, Margaret Cavanaugh, Olive Barnum and Cecilia Bertocchi; Guards, Ellen Knoles, Gene Wilfert, Gertrude Munder and Eleanor Noethig; Centers, Fern Scott and Pearl Moscovitz with Doris Holtz as tap-center.

The Senior girls have taken great interest in debating this year. Viola Kennedy and Thais Kirkpatrick were members of our Lux team while Margaret Cavanaugh represented Lux on the L-W-L Debating Team. Margaret also represented us in the reading contest given by Mr. Sergeant.

Last, but not least, the girls have striven hard and earnestly in their studies, as the excellent work they have done in all departments shows. As a whole the '22-J class has had a very successful semester and has accomplished everything it started out to do, with the same zest and spirit which has been characteristic of the class from the time we entered the school.



G. ASHMAN, PRESIDENT, '22-J

W. WHITEHEAD, SECRETARY, '22-J

Lick

The Class of June Twenty-two announces most gratifying success in all school activities during this last term.

We feel that we have had a great share in advancing Lick-Wilmerding's envied reputation along the most approved lines of scholarship and athletics.

We have tried with utmost earnestness to cherish the old spirit of the school, that spirit which, when once assimilated, is a deciding factor all through life.

'22-J has been in the past, and is at present noted for its drive and popularity. This is confirmed by the fact that W. Simi, president of the Student Body, was elected from our class in his high Junior year. We also have maintained the leadership in athletics throughout the term.

The "Life" is assured of a good staff next year with Samuels '22-J and D. Roberts '22-J as Editor and Manager respectively.

Swimming is strongly supported by Moran who is captain of the team, while A. Meyer, Younger and Simi always capture winning points.

Basketball has received some of its stars from this class. J. F. Gilmore captain of the unlimited; W. Johnston, captain of the 100 pound division, and Danove and Jensen of the 120 pound teams are all good men.

G. Ashman, is our tennis star, as he is captain of the team and one of the best interscholastic players in the state.

We believe that at this time we are in our "Renaissance", and that next semester a full flowering will be given to our efforts, which in the years to come will stand as an example to all those who may follow.



E. BERMINGHAM, PRESIDENT, '22-X

M. McLAUGHLIN, PRESIDENT, '23-J

Lux

The '22-X class of the Lux school has passed a very active and successful semester as high-juniors. Our officers for the past year have been Ethel Bermingham, president; Alice Trefz, vice-president; Elizabeth Nye, secretary; Julia Bearwald, sergeant-at-arms; Hilda Wurshing, yell leader and Helen Schwewniche and Bessie Jeong, Board of Control members. Under such good leaders our class has proved to be the most energetic in the school.

On August 15th we had a most successful and profitable cake sale in the Lux Cafeteria, even though we had only nine members to make cake.

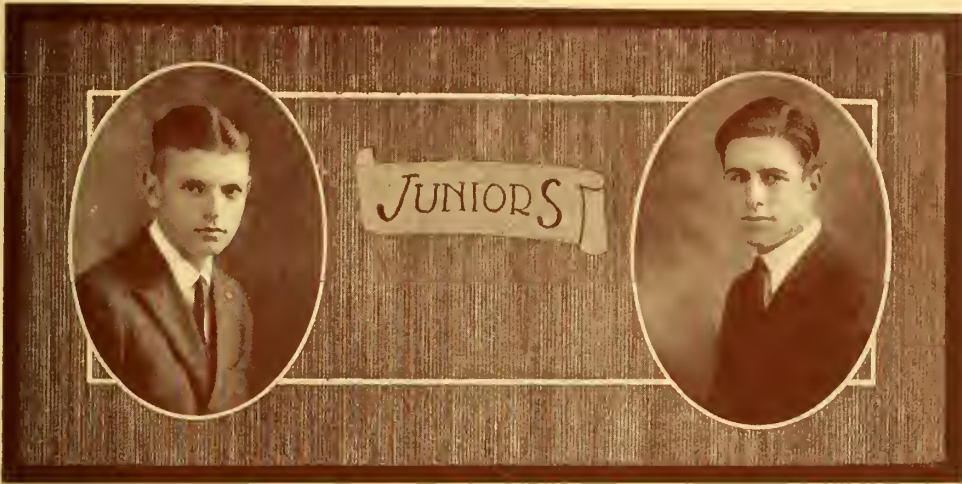
This term has proved most successful and we hope those to come will be as profitable as this last.

We, of the '23-J class, have finished half of our Junior Year with the same spirit and enthusiasm with which we entered Lux. The officers for this term and next are: president, Mildred McLaughlin; vice-president, Katherine McKeown; secretary, Minna Liberman; sergeant-at-arms, Evelyn Mulford and yell leader, Mae Horton. Sarah Barnum and Edna Quinn are our Board of Control members.

Basketball season is open and our lively team shows that we have responded with the "pep" that eventually brings our class to victory.

The fact that we have been well represented in every organization proves that "School Spirit" is printed indelibly upon the surface of '23-J.

Our motto: "Hic Filicitas Habitat", "Here Dwells Happiness", is an excellent expression of our "spirit" and we hope that the record proves that the '23-J's expect to gain as much success in the future as they have in the past.



E. SMITH, PRESIDENT, '22-X

G. GOODDAY, PRESIDENT' '23-J

Lick

The Xmas class of twenty-two entered its high Junior year facing a grim problem in maintaining the high standard of former years, due to the dropping out of several members who had accomplished a great deal toward this end.

Although the loss of these members has been keenly felt, we feel that, considering the handicap, we have completed a most successful term.

Early in the term Twenty-two, under the leadership of Pierson, organized a jazz band, which has achieved notable success.

Our officers E. Smith, president; N. Koldinger, vice-president; R. Kline, secretary; A. Greenough, treasurer; C. Smith, yell leader; and G. Kendall, sergeant-at-arms and Board of Control member are to be commended for their able leadership on all occasions.

This issue of the "Life" marks the close of one of the most successful terms we have ever had.

Our officers G. Goodday, president; E. McDonald, vice-president; R. Wright, secretary; E. Rich, treasurer; M. Links, Board of Control Member; R. P. Klein, yell leader and J. Curits, sergeant-at-arms are to be complimented upon their fine work, for much of the class success is due to their efforts.

The Junior-Freshman Picnic was pronounced by everyone present as one of the most successful parties of its kind ever held, due to the untiring work of the committee and president.

Those who study our class pin and compare it closely with others will come to the conclusion that it is out of the ordinary and unique. McGuire, of the pin committee, is to a large degree, responsible for this creation of individuality.



R. McCOY, PRESIDENT, '23-X

L. BRODMERKEL, PRESIDENT, '24-J

Lux

The officers of the Christmas class of nineteen-twenty-three are: Ruth McCoy, president; Kathryn Purvis, vice-president; Kate Dindia, secretary; Esther Levy, sergeant-at-arms; Josephine Dahlgren, yell leader with Mildred Fagan and Catherine Capagno as Board of Control members. With such capable leaders as these at our head it is no wonder that we have won a high place in the ranks of the classes of Lux during the past semester. Although our class is very small every member has given her best support to all of the student activities of the school.

Our scholarship records have been up to our usual high standard notwithstanding our unusual activity along other lines and by this we know, and others know, that we still have, and always will have, the true "Lux Spirit."

Under the capable leadership of Louise Brodmerkel the '24-J class has completed the semester with a record that has placed it in the rank of the successful classes of Lux.

We opened the term by electing the following class officers: Louise Brodmerkel, president; Maud Knoles, vice-president; Marvel Dobbs, secretary; Velma Cudworth, sergeant-at-arms; Leontine Burrone, yell-leader with Marguerite Mamlock and Dorothy Zander as Board of Control members.

Our class is well represented in all of the school activities, especially the Glee Club, Forum and Hikers' Club.

We are proud of Marguerite Mamlock, our star debater, and we expect to win great honors in the future in competition with other classes.

We are proud of our team's record and wish to thank the teachers who aided us in making it a success.



R. BARTHOLD, PRESIDENT, '23-X

W. DOLAN, PRESIDENT, '24-J

Lick

The '23-X class has had a very successful term under the guidance of its capable officers, R. Barthold, president; V. Vallier, vice-president; W. Watson, secretary; C. Johnson, Board of Control member; Gustafson, treasurer; A. Anderson, sergeant-at-arms and yell leader.

In athletics, '23-X has been well represented. Everyone knows Lick's fighting little quarterback, Harold Crane. M. Gianetti also has a gridder's aspirations.

The various clubs have enrolled as members a number of our fellows.

We, the '24-J class, have completed a most satisfactory and enjoyable year.

As it is not customary for a lower class to have many functions we have done little socially, but we have been very well represented in all other activities.

We have furnished the football team with one of its best men, Red Chisholm, while Dolan and Cook are shaping up for next year.

The track interclass was won by us, this year, by a very large score. And this victory shows that the school can depend upon us for material in the weight division of track in the future. The stars in this sport are: Keeble, Mooney, Davis, Lawrence, Ewald, Moran, Mueller and Jacobs, all of whom are fast men.

Carl Bettin, who plays the saxaphone, and Bill Ewald, the trap man are coming syncopaters. They represent us in the school orchestra and do credit to both the school and the class.

Our officers Dolan, president; Figel, secretary; A. Cook, treasurer; F. Cohen, sergeant-at-arms, have shown good judgment in all cases and have done much toward the ultimate success of the term.



ALICE STAGER, PRESIDENT, '24-X

OLIVE BARNUM, PRESIDENT, '25-J

Lux

This is the close of our first year at Lux and we feel that we have had a very successful year and found the true "Lux Spirit".

Our class officers are: president, Alice Stager; vice-president, Frances Compagno; secretary, Charlott Sauvee; treasurer, Bernice Johnson; sergeant-at-arms, Marjorie Connor. Irma Menzie is our yell leader and Irene Trauner and Ruth Chatterson are our Board of Control members.

To start the term with the "True Lux Spirit" we welcomed the '25-J class with a party, given in the Lux living room, which proved a huge success.

Basketball is our greatest activity this term. With such a good captain and manager as Frances Ogier and Ione McIntosh our team will make the upper classmen "sit up and take notice."

All of our members have proved themselves good students as well as good athletes and club leaders and we hope that in the coming terms we will make as good a record as we have in the past.

On the first day of August of this year fifty of us asked admission into Lux. When we were granted our request we acquainted ourselves with the girls and our new surroundings and found the life of the Lux School exceedingly interesting.

We have started our high school career by going out in support of all the clubs and organizations and we have found them all well worth while and worthy of our best support.

We wish to express our sincerest gratitude to our temporary officers: Olive Barnum, president; Alice Randolph, vice-president; and Elizabeth Anderson, secretary for their kind efforts in behalf of our class.



W. MIBACH, PRESIDENT, '24-X

G. ASHMAN, PRESIDENT, '22-J

Lick

The Christmas class of '24 has finished a very successful year, this being due to the combined efforts of the members of the class and its officers.

These officers: Mibach, president; Howard, vice-president; Overstreet, secretary; Fleissner, treasurer; Patrick, Board of Control member; Sellman, sergeant-at-arms and Wilson, yell leader, have given creditable assistance to the class.

It is pleasing for us, a high Freshman class, to look back upon our athletic record. Combining with '24-J, we won the interclass track meet. The outstanding stars of the meet were Wilson and Mibach.

On the whole we feel that we have had great success in our first venture into self government, and we extend to the '25-J class our best wishes in their coming experience.

We, of the '25-J class knew nothing of the ways and routine of the school, but through the careful guidance and sound advice of our splendid corps of officers, Ashman, '22-J, president; B. Bell, '23-J, vice-president; Wilkinson, '24-J, secretary and treasurer; and Hazlett, '21-X, Board of Control member; we have assimilated the life and spirit of the institution.

Our spirit was made manifest by our taking third place in the interclass track meet, starring Egan and Green.

The event though that will live longest in our memories and will always be recalled with pleasure is the Semi-Annual Junior-Freshman Picnic held at Pinehurst. We of the '25-J class of Lick-Wilmerding take this opportunity to express our appreciation of the efforts of the Juniors in affording us the best time of our lives.



The Lux Board of Control

THE Lux Board of Control is the legislative body of the Student Body and is composed of two representatives elected from each class, the Class Presidents and the Student Body officers.

The officers for the year of 1921-1922 are as follows: President, Ellen Knoles; Vice-president, Eugenia Wilfert; Secretary, Doris Holtz. The Class representatives to the board are the following: '22-J, Fern Scott and Alice Ahtye; '22-X, Helen Schwennicke and Bessie Jeong; '23-J, Sarah Barnum and Edna Quinn; '23-X, Mildred Fagan and Catherine Campagno; '24-J, Margaret Mamlock and Dorothy Zander; '24-X, Ruth Chatterton and Irene Trauner; '25-J, Meriam Durrell and Olga Gastoldi.

The first meeting of the Board of Control was called to order by President Knoles, August 23, 1921. According to custom the Secretary of the Student Body was nominated and elected Secretary. This semester the Board mainly has discussed the team awards.

The Board of Control, under the able guidance of President Knoles, will revise the Lux Constitution and endeavor to have printed copies made of it for the personal use of the students.



L-W Board of Control Report

With President Simi in the chair, the first meeting of the Board was called to order on August 8, 1921. The representatives from the various classes were as follows: '21-X, Minderman; '22-J, Pedrotta; '22-X, Kendall, '23-J, Bell; '23-X, Johnson; '24-J, Brandon; '24-X, Patrick; '25-J, Hazlett. An election was held and Geo. Gilmour was elected Secretary. The football budget was passed at this meeting. On August 15, 1921, the second meeting was held. Two articles in the Constitution were amended at this time. John Franklin Gilmore was unanimously elected basketball manager. At the next meeting a date for the track and swimming Interclass was set. Money was voted out for the printing of vouchers and warrants. At the meeting on September 22, 1921, the budgets were found to exceed the money in the treasury, so it was necessary to reduce some of them. Article VII, Section 3 of the Constitution was amended. The fifth meeting was called to order on September 23, 1921. Basketball suits were voted out for the various basketball teams.

Summing up these events it can be readily observed that the Board has enjoyed one of its most successful semesters and indications point to a very bright future.

Lux Activities

THE Camera Club has been quite successful this year. A large group of the incoming class is now enrolled and the new girls especially are fascinated with their explorations and discoveries in the Lux dark room. Miss Webster is always on hand to help the girls and advise them as to the ways and means of developing and printing.

The officers of the club are Florence Mitchel, president; Martha Samuels, secretary, and Florence Lyttle, sergeant-at-arms. At the beginning of the term two short hikes were taken, one through Golden Gate Park and the other to the home of Joaquin Miller. These were taken for the main purpose of acquainting the girls with rules involved in picture taking. Poor weather made it hard for good results; however, very good progress was made.

The Forum has become very popular at Lux this year, for sixty-five members are enrolled. The girls showed excellent judgment in their choice of officers for the year. Margaret Cavanaugh was elected president; Ethel Bermingham, vice-president; Lois Williams, secretary, and Esther O'Keefe, treasurer. The first and foremost event was a party given in honor of the incoming class. The president appointed two committees which handled the refreshments and the entertainment. As each girl came into the room she was made acquainted with all the members of a certain group and soon entered into the jolly fun. One afternoon, during the opera season, the girls gathered in the living room and listened to various selections from the most important operas. The girls also read the stories of a few of the popular operas. A comic play was presented by the girls towards the last of the year. Many girls tried out for parts. Margaret Cavanaugh was elected leading lady. The other members of the cast were: Lois Williams, Irma Wuersching, Cecilia Bertocchi, Olive Barnum, Emilie Burg and Helen Cook. The faculty advisor is Miss O'Connor. It was she who did most of the planning of the party and who coached the girls in the rehearsal of their play. She has also taught the girls the practical use of Parliamentary law. Law is studied on alternate weeks while the other meetings are given over to a debate or program of some kind. Miss O'Connor also arranged the holding of the interclass debates before the Forum.

The Hikers' Club now boasts of fifty members. The officers, elected at the beginning of the semester, are: Fern Scott, president; Maud Knoles, vice-president, and Betty Duckel, secretary. Three hikes have been taken during the past term. The first was taken to Grizzly Peak, the second led them to Tamalpais, and the last found them at the Big Lagoon. The girls obtained many beautiful pictures on these hikes. Pretty views and scenery provided subject matter for most, although several humorous pictures were taken of the girls as they ate or slid down hills. The club has invested in a large photograph album. In this are pasted the pictures and souvenirs

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procured on each walk. Poems and stories about the hikes have also been entered along with other events of interest. This is a most excellent idea and if carried out during the succeeding terms, the book will soon become both valuable and interesting.

The Glee Club has had another very successful semester. Interest in this organization is constantly growing. The membership has increased to about fifty. It is the most important and most essential of all the organizations of Lux. The club is called upon on almost all occasions to give a program.

At the time when an operetta is in the stage of preparation, the whole school life centers around the Glee Club. The drawing departments plan and design costumes and settings; the millinery department plans and makes head dresses; the sewing department makes the costumes as designed; and the physical education department gives advice as to the most graceful means of coming on and going off the stage. Miss Shenson has appointed a committee which met and decided upon the operetta to be given next year. An American Indian play was decided upon by a large majority. The title of the play is "The Red Corn."

The officers of the Swimming Club are: Doris Holtz, president; Florence Mitchel, vice-president, and Eleanor Noethig, secretary. At the beginning of the term a meeting was held for the benefit of the incoming class. About twenty-five of the Freshmen girls enrolled, several of whom could not swim. Many of the older girls volunteered to play teacher. In this way each beginner obtained some help. Every Tuesday afternoon the girls swim at the Y. W. C. A.

A class in life-saving was started by Miss Alice Goodman of the Y. W. C. A. Many of the girls entered this class and several of them passed the test successfully at the close of the term. The girls are working hard for the interclass swimming meet which will take place next semester. Miss Fassett is the Faculty advisor and coach and the girls realize and appreciate her faithful work.

The Quartet has worked very hard this year and consequently success in great measure has been its reward. During the first few weeks of the term. Mrs. Bender worked entirely on gaining the harmony of chords and the blending of the voices. It was necessary that the girls first learn to give up their individuality to a certain extent and learn to sing as one. This required both time and patience, for every girl is naturally of different temperament. Mrs. Bender, the leader, feels that this difficulty has been overcome and that the voices blend much better this year than ever before. The members of the quartet are: Gertrude Shenson, soprano; Minna Liberman, second soprano; Olive Barnum, alto, and Helen Astredo, second alto. Towards the last of the term Mrs. Bender "discovered" Katherine Purvis. She sometimes takes the place of soprano. The girls meet twice each week and practice for about forty minutes.

Lick Activities

THE Radio Club is a new organization in the Lick-Wilmerding Schools. Walter Mills, a licensed radio operator and live wire, had spread the Radio bug among the members of the Student Body and the result was the formation of this Radio group. The Club hopes to have a complete sending and receiving apparatus installed in its rooms in the Lick Building by next semester. The work is progressing very rapidly under the able supervision of Mr. Wright. The members are working hard to make this Club one of the best of its kind in San Francisco. Since it is a new organization in the schools it needs the support of the Student Body and when it calls for members the Student Body should back it up and give it the same support they have given the other organizations in the school. The officers for the semester were: Mills, President; Wessel, Vice-president; Johnson, Secretary; Brandon, Treasurer; Wuth, Sergeant-at-arms.

The Students' Exchange, otherwise known as the "hock shop", has just completed a most successful business year. The Exchange has succeeded in selling a large number of books and a great quantity of tools to the students of the two schools through their loyal support. The method of carrying on the business of the Exchange has also been changed somewhat by the new officers, Lefkovitch and Scalmanini. The business is now carried on a cash basis and the student receives his money as soon as his books are sold and does not have to wait for a whole semester as before. The "hock shop" has collected a large sum of money, a good percentage of which will go to the Student Body Treasury.

Action! That has been the by-word of the Camera Club during the last semester. President Fitch began things by instituting a drive for members and he succeeded in arousing the interest of a large member of the Freshmen in the mysteries of the dark rooms. The next steps in the Club's program was a series of contests held each month for the best snapshot taken by members. A prize was given to the winner and this made competition very keen. A great deal of interest was thereby aroused among the members, and in the Student Body at large. The officers for the past term were: Fitch, President; Scott, Vice-president; Smith, Secretary; Cook, Treasurer; and Dam, Sergeant-at-arms.

The Cafeteria has been booming along in splendid shape the past semester. During the June vacation the entire place was remodeled and repainted, the counters were rearranged so as to afford more room and better service to the "hungry bunch". Under Manager Hazlett's supervision a fine menu has been continued daily and the daily sales have been increased to a great extent. The average monthly profit for this semester has been much larger than that of previous years. The chief idea of the "Hash House" has been to sell at a small profit and thereby give good

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service at a low price. With the support of the Student Body the profits of the "Caf" swell and help to enlarge the Life. The "Scrubs" began to realize this early and turned out and ate as much if not more than the Seniors. Manager Hazlett and Bouquet, his assistant, wish to encourage the Student Body to give suggestions as to how to improve the system in the "Caf", and also wish to thank them for their cooperation and support and especially do they thank the fellows who have assisted in dishing out the "chow."

After a year of idleness the Debating Society was reorganized at the beginning of this semester and a worthy team was sent forth to represent Lick. We debated Humboldt High on September 16th at Lux and at Humboldt, and lost, although a game fight was put up at each place. Miss Cavanaugh, '22 and G. Goodday, '23 represented Lick on the affirmative side of Resolved: "That open shop is more beneficial than closed shop to the general public." R. Klein, '23 and E. Aaron, '24 debated the negative of the same question and lost only by a narrow margin. The Society feels its indebtedness to the English staff of the two schools and especially to Mrs. Woodland for her helpful advice at our meetings. The Society has had the following for its officers: A. Meyer, President; M. Cavanaugh, Vice-president; E. MacDonald, Secretary; E. Baker, Treasurer; R. Chisholm, Sergeant-at-arms.

For the first time in a number of years the school has a classical orchestra. The orchestra was organized by Miss Weller of the English Department and is making rapid progress toward success.

The Jazz Band has met with greater success this semester than ever before. It was organized early in the term with Mr. Hendricks as director. The "Jazz Hounds" have met every morning in the cafeteria at eight o'clock for practice and have shown lots of spirit by doing so. The Jazz Staff consists of: Wuth, piano; Samuels and Cechinti, violins; Bettin, Buchholz and Brunnier, saxaphones; Stirm, banjo; Schoettler, clarinet; Vallier, accordion, and Ewald, precussion instruments. The Jazz Band has given many selections at the rallies and has helped to a great extent to make them a success. It has also played in the Cafeteria during the noon hour. The fellows have turned out in great shape this year and if they continue with this spirit the Band will surely be the popular organization in the school.

The Stunt Club is another new organization in the school. The club was organized by President Simi and consists of the presidents of all the classes in the school. The chief purpose of this club is to get the various classes to put stunts on at the rallies and also to put a little pep into the school as a whole. By getting the presidents of all the classes together, President Simi was able to cooperate with the entire Student Body and to have everyone working together for the benefit of the school.

The Lux Shops

By MORVA OWENS

TO one entering the Chemistry Department, which is under the supervision of Mrs. Gottenberg, the room presents a busy appearance. Here and there students are actively engaged in setting up apparatuses and testing elements.

The Sophomores have studied the principles of spontaneous combustion and have become familiar with the different elements and solutions of various kinds; they have tested for impurities in water and have analyzed foods for adulterants. They are now engaged in the study of the principles of dyeing and photography.

The properties of the various elements and the molecular compositions of gases are occupying the attention of the Seniors. They have made equations and are doing problems involving the weights of elements and the volumes of gases required in the different chemical reactions.

The savory odors of various appetizing dishes which greeted me when I opened the door of the spotless Cooking Laboratory were proof of the efficiency of the Sophomores. They have studied the preparation of simple family meals and are expert jelly and jam makers. In preparing for the demand that will be made for the holidays, the girls are making many dainties, candies, cookies, Thanksgiving plum puddings, and last, but not least, the delicious Christmas fruit cakes.

In the Junior year the emphasis is on dietetics, and simple as well as more elaborate table service is planned. The Juniors have made protein dishes and have arranged menus according to their food values.

The rhythmic hum of the electric machines greeted me as I entered the Sewing Room. The neatly finished garments were very pleasing to see. Under Miss Roumiguere's instruction, the Freshmen have completed their bags, housekeeping caps and aprons and dainty white garments and in addition have made a study of textiles. Patching and darning are still the tasks of the first year girls.

The Sophomores have finished their work on made-over woolen dresses and are making large and small models from fashion plates. They draft their own patterns and from these, attractive looking dresses are completed.

With Miss Crittenden the Juniors have finished complete layettes. They also have made and fitted forms to their own measurements on which have been designed many pleasing waists.

The Seniors have completed the curtains in the alcove on the third floor. They are planning to finish the uniforms for cafeteria service.

The Drawing Room next held my attention. Splendid design and color work has been executed under the excellent supervision of our two new teachers, Miss Peavey and Miss Shawhan.

The Freshmen have finished their perspective work, lettering, color charts, study of values, and cut paper work. They have studied the first principles of design and have applied these principles to borders. Many effective covers for the various departments have been completed.

The Sophomores have also made a color chart, and have in addition taken up nature work, that is they have applied flowers and details to geometric work.

In conjunction with their sewing course the Juniors have completed a great deal of work in costume and design. They expect to work on period costumes, and the corresponding furniture and architecture.

The Seniors have studied diligently on the history of architecture. They have completed the plans of a two-story house, also a bungalow and are planning their ideal houses.

I next entered the Millinery Room. Under the careful guidance of Mrs. Patterson the girls have turned out some attractive winter hats.

The Sophomores, having finished the customary samples and stitches, have modeled a small sample hat. They first take up simple drafting, then the making of the buckram frame, the covering of the frame and the fitting of the binding flange and French fold.

The Juniors have completed the drafting of the different frames and the designing for the covering of a frame. They have also studied the history and manufacture of ribbons.

The Seniors have finished the different paper drafts for making various hats, also different styles of crowns. They have completed a winter hat and are now working on the second one. Many new and original ideas have been created.

My next visit was to the General Science Department. Under the instruction of Miss Webster, the Freshmen girls have completed the work on atmospheric moisture and evaporation, atmospheric pressure, transmission of heat, radiation and sources of heat.

The study of this subject is a great aid to the students in their future work that is, in the study of chemistry. The Freshmen have covered the work on oxidation and its relation to life, the composition, electrolysis and specific gravity of water.

On entering the Hygiene Department and gazing about the first thing my eyes rested on was the grotesque figure of a skeleton.

Under Miss Fassett's instruction the Freshmen are taught the care of the teeth, correct breathing and proper posture.

The Sophomores have undertaken the study of physiology, which deals with the study of the skeleton and the working of the human machine.

In hygiene the Senior girls are taught the most beneficial exercises and when they should be taken, the food from which the greatest nourishment is derived and the use of sanitation to prevent the spread of diseases.

Shop Notes

ONE day while William — and I were walking past the Lick-Wilmerding School we decided to drop in and see how the Shop Departments had progressed since our graduation.

The minute that we entered the door we were taken back to the time when we were students at Lick. Remembering the old order of Mr. Merrill we dutifully climbed the left side of the stairs and made our way to the Chemistry Department.

On approaching the Department of Chemistry our noses were greeted by the peculiar odor permeating the atmosphere and our ears quickly distinguished the voice of Mr. Tibbetts lecturing the Sophomores about the importance of various elements.

In gazing around the laboratory we saw that the apprentices were known to us for there were Ashman, Bouquet, Lefkovitch, Gale, Hebgen, W. Smith, Chonette, Rucker, DeMartini, Brutcher and Bianchini.

We left the Chemistry Department and crossed the hall to the large well lighted room wherein the Mechanical Drawing Department is situated. On entering the room we were immediately impressed by the quiet and industry of the students who were busily working at their drafting tables. There are many apprentices in this department, some taking machine drawing and others taking architectural drawing.

The most promising of the Architectural Draftsmen are Luthi, Cohen and Simi who are all attempting to construct houses. In Machine Drawing the star apprentices are Gilmour, P. G. Anderson, Thompson, Roberts, Moran and Samuels. These fellows are all busy at work designing and tracing gas engines and pumps.

We now turned our steps towards the Machine Shop.

This shop under the able guidance of Mr. Chapman is doing a lot of machine work for the school. The apprentices in this shop are very fortunate because they have every opportunity to learn the Machine Trade. They are taught the use of the lathe, and milling machine and also have an opportunity to learn welding. The apprentices, M. Johnson, F. Mills, Tooker, Mecredy, H. Meyer, Eastwood and Puckhaber are all good workers and are quickly learning their chosen trade.

The next shop we visited was the Electric Shop, one of the largest and busiest in the school.

Near the center of the shop there is a room devoted to the teaching of the beginners of elementary electricity. There were many pupils in this classroom and under their able teacher, Mr. Wright, who has charge of the shop, they are quickly learning the theory of electricity.

In the front we noticed the more advanced students who were learning to wind armatures and to repair motors. We recognized a number of our

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old schoolmates doing this work namely, Wessel, Scalmanini, Farrell, Younger, Lafabregue and Kendall.

Leaving the Electric Shop we went downstairs to the Forge Shop where we were welcomed by the Sophomores hammering on their anvils and occasionally hitting their hot iron. We met Mr. Mathis who told us that the "Sophs" had progressed very well with their complicated exercises. We also learned that while there are no apprentices there are plenty advanced students to assist Mr. Mathis in the repair work that he does around school.

The Auto Shop had been a busy shop while we were at school, but now it seemed busier than ever. In the court we saw two large Kelly trucks which we were told belonged to the school. These trucks were being completely overhauled by the hard working students, under the guidance of Charlie Herbert, the inventive teacher, who at present is at work on a device which will revolutionize the whole auto industry. Mr. Herbert is very fortunate this year as his apprentices, Hill, Mindermann, Hargrave, Pomin, Jacobs, Brodmerkel and Cameron are all good workers and a large amount of fine work has been turned out. Many a Ford has been overhauled, especially the one belonging to Pappas, which is a weekly guest of the shop.

We next visited the Stone Shop which is passing through one of its busiest years. Mr. Mighall, assisted by Mr. Bettin, is very fortunate this year in having a large class of willing Freshmen to do the work that he lays out for them. Besides doing many small jobs around the Lick and Wilmerding Buildings, this shop has taken on a large job near the Lux School, which consists of constructing a handball court.

We now made our way to the Pattern Shop, which is as noisy as ever. Under the supervision of Mr. McLeran the fellows are quickly learning how to build up patterns and turn them out so that they resemble something.

Having completed our visit with the hard workers in Pattern we made our way to the Cabinet Shop, where we met our old teacher, Mr. Maybeck. We learned from Mr. Maybeck that the supply of cabinet makers in the school had run out, the only persons taking this shop being soldiers. There are twelve soldiers in the shop and from the evidence of what they have made, they appear to be experts.

Next we visited the Plumbing Shop, the joy of our Freshman days, where we were greeted by Mr. Wood. We were told that the Freshmen had shown that they had profited from their drawing work by their ability to apply it to practice work in the Plumbing Shop.

We had now completed visiting all the Shop Departments and so decided to leave. On leaving the school it occurred to us that a visit to the L-W Shops was an education in itself because it brought one close to the fundamentals of the large industries of today.

Alumni

GEO. C. STREIFF, President

AS president of the Alumni Association, I extend warm greetings to all present and former members of the Lick-Wilmerding-Lux student bodies.

This organization has at all times the deep interest and regard of faithful Lick comrades, for it answers a need in the lives of the graduates, that nothing else can fill. It is too, of vital importance in helping to maintain the good old Tiger spirit whose renown has made us known so far and wide.

The Launch Ride of September 25th down the Bay to Redwood City was the first event. Old grads, with cares for the time being laid aside, joined with the young in yell and song and feast and dance.

The Theatre Party, at the Alcazar in October, was a great success also, despite the fact that it was given at a time when competition with the Shrine Circus was keen. "It Can't Be Done," is just the kind of play that furnishes fun for everyone.

On December 3rd, an Alumni Dance was given at California Club Hall. A good crowd was in attendance and much of the old time interest and fellowship feeling was in evidence. Surely it is on occasions such as these that the effects of the work of this organization may be made manifest—that we may see the links in the circles of loyal graduates being made stronger and becoming more firmly knitted together.

Too much credit cannot be given the Board of Directors for their untiring efforts in making this half year the success it has been.

From the Ex-Service Men

W. R. VAUGHN

THE ex-Service Men wish to take this opportunity to express their sincere appreciation to the members of the Faculty for their kind and untiring efforts in assisting them to accomplish their aims.

The men are not taking the regular high school courses but spend most of their time in the various shops. Groups of the men are enrolled in the Cabinet, the Plumbing, Electric, Auto, Pattern and Machine shops. In some of these departments, expert work is being turned out, and the instructors have naught but greatest praise for the industry and ambition shown by these men.

The kind interest of the members of the Faculty and the spirit of the regular students is greatly appreciated by the ex-Service Men and Lick-Wilmerding will always be remembered by them for the help that it gave in advancing them toward the goal for which they aim.



*"Strength of heart
And might of limb, but mainly use and skill
Are winners in this pastime."*

—TENNYSON.



Football

"BABE" HOLLINGBERRY—HEAD COACH

"The showing of the team this year after losing last year's entire backfield, is quite remarkable. Our success is due to the excellent men on the squad. Team play with eleven men working in accord has won our game. Wonderful fellows—I am proud to have coached them."

* * *

CHESTER SMITH, COACH

"The Lick-Wilmerding team of 1921 has proven itself worthy of the institution it represents. Imbued with the desire to win, filled with the Lick spirit, and above all playing as true sportsmen can only play—the team can be well proud of its record this season."

* * *

CAPTAIN COBURN

"Through the efforts of our coaches L-W has produced a most remarkable team. The whole squad has worked as one in their untiring efforts to make this season a success. To these clean, hard working fellows I owe my heartiest thanks."

* * *

MANAGER CERKEL

"Though there was little experienced material the fellows who stuck to the squad worked hard and made apparent coming defeat loom into overwhelming success. Doped to lose by large scores, the Tigers fought hard till they won. Babe Hollingberry with his able assistants turned out a fighting crew."

* * *

ROY HENDRICK, COACH

"The reputation of L-W as one of the foremost contenders for athletic honors, will never fade as long as the fellows continue to show these essentials: cooperation, determination, aggressiveness, and fair play, which have been so outstanding during the past season."

"FLASH" THOMPSON, HALFBACK

Though Flash doesn't break any sprinting records he is the shiftest player on the team. Tom runs interference to perfection and tackles like a fool.

* * *

"TOM" BRODMERKEL, TACKLE

Tom is another veteran and Coach Hollingberry would have little to worry about if all the lines-men used their hands as Tommy does. Tom gets more than his share of tackles in the games.

* * *

HARRY POMIN, FULLBACK

Harry can also plow thru the lint and tear the opposition to pieces. On the defense Harry backs up the line and the few who sift thru are promptly and decisively stopped.

* * *

"CHINK" JACOBS, FULLBACK

Chink was shifted from end this year and he now throws the passes that he once had to chase. Chink also rips thru the line for yard after yard.

* * *

"BLONDY" KOCH, TACKLE

Koch is a hard fighting tackle who gets thru and tackles behind the line. With four such tackles we little wonder at the strength of the Tiger Line.

* * *

"PREXY" SIMI

Aside from running the affairs of our Student Body, Walter shakes a mean hoof on the gridiron. Simi is the fastest man on the squad and his long runs count on the score books.





"TINY" SELLMAN, GUARD

Although Sellman is only a freshman he has learned the game well and is the heaviest man on the squad. Tiny rips thru the line and hits the opposing backs hard and low.

* * *

"BILL" HAZLETT, END

With Bill at end we never see any end runs completed. Bill is always down on punts and stops any man in his tracks.

* * *

"JERRY" AHERN, TACKLE

Jerry is the hard luck kid. For three consecutive years he has been laid up and at last he has been lucky enough to last out. Jerry breaks thru and gets his man far behind the line.

* * *

"HICK" YOUNGER, GUARD

Hick is a fairly light man for guard but his fight and pep cancels this disadvantage. His aggressiveness makes the bigger boys keep stepping to hold their positions.

* * *

"SHORTY" KENDALL, TACKLE

This is Kendall's second year at tackle and he knows his job perfectly. His hard tackles jar the other fellows teeth loose and bring the stands to their feet.

* * *

"STAN" POMIN, END

Another end with plenty of the Tiger fight and ginger. Stan always hits them hard and low and his flying tackles are always spectacular.

"RABBIT" CRANE, QUARTERBACK

Crane's fast and shifty open field running has gained him this monicker. Rabbit calls his signals well and runs the team with a cool level head.

* * *

"ANDY" ANDERSON, HALFBACK

Andy is a pretty light man but he tackles and runs interference to perfection. When Andy is in the lineup he makes it possible for the men carrying the ball to get away for long runs.

* * *

"ROPE" WOOLL, QUARTERBACK

Wooll is also a fast shifty quarterback. He calls the signals and is a great little field general. Rope gets away on lots of end runs and he puts away quite a few yards before he is downed.

* * *

"SHY" GILMORE, END

Gilmore is another end that stops up the opposition end runs. Shy is a lanky boy and surely can hook in the forward passes.

* * *

"SCALI" SCALMANINI, CENTER

Scalmanini is a hard hitting and fighting boy. This is Scali's first year on the squad but he has learned how to pass well and block up the hole in the line.

* * *

"RED" CHISHOLM, GUARD

Red is one of the bulwarks of the line. Though only a sophomore this is Red's second year in the guard position. Red opens up big holes for his backs and paves the way for many long runs.

* * *

"THE KID" LICHTENBERG, HALFBACK

Lichtenberg is the boy that makes all those long pretty punts. They usually register over the fifty yard mark. Aside from punting "The Kid" forward passes and runs the ball with no mean ability.



Football

THE hardest fought season of our career, as high school gridders, has just come to a successful conclusion. This was due mainly to the efforts of our coaches whose untiring devotion to the squad made possible one of the finest football teams that ever had the right to call themselves "Tigers."

At the first of the season when Manager Cerkel called the squad together our hopes were very low, as most of the team had left, leaving only a few who knew a little about the game.

On Saturday morning, September 24, after a month of hard practice, we took on Fremont High at Bayview Field. Upon taking our positions, we were greeted by a heavy rain, but the wet field did not dampen the Tiger spirit, which had been instilled in the team by Coach Hollingberry before the game. The game ended with our opponents on the short end of a 13-6 score.

Our next game, held at Mill Valley with Tamalpais Union High, on October 1, proved to be a hard one for us. The team fought hard but Tamalpais seemed to have the breaks and as a result they put over the touchdown that won for them the game 10-7.

We next journeyed to Santa Cruz and tangled with Santa Cruz High which had never been beaten before. In the first half we again showed our offensive ability and piled up two touchdowns, but in the second half, by accurate forward passes, our opponents managed to slip over a score. At the final whistle we were at the long end of 13-7 score.

Our next scrimmage was with Bates, on Tuesday, October 11. The Tigers lost 7-0.

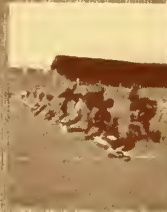
On October 22, amid rain and mud, eleven Tigers, full of determination and fight took the field against heavier and highly lauded opponents. Right off the bat by plunging and aggressiveness we swept the Polyites off their feet and landed the ball on their five yard line. Several accurate and well executed forward passes put the pigskin over the coveted chalk line for the only score of the game.

The next league game was with Sacred Heart on October 29. Due to the terrific bucking of our backfield men, and the fine charging of our line, the Tigers left the field with a 33-0 score in their favor.

Our third league game took place on November 5 with Mission. The Missionites put up a much better fight than was anticipated. L-W again was victorious, the score being 35-6.

The next team that opposed the Tigers was the fighting team of Cogswell. The game was called on November 12. Again the same old story was repeated and the Tigers brought home a well deserved victory of 28-0.





School-Honors

BLOCK "L-W"

SWIMMING

E. Moran, '22-J

R. Lichtenberg, '23-J

G. Kendall, '22-X

W. Remensperger, '21-X

H. Crane, '23-X

BASKETBALL

W. Johnston, '22-J

D. Kotta, '23-J

A. Luthi, '21-X

BLOCK "L"

Pearl Moscovitz, '22-J

Sarah Barnum, '23-J

Doris Holtz, '22-J

Eleanor Noethig, '22-J

Mildred McLaughlin, '23-J

Fern Scott, '22-J

Martha Samuels, '23-J

STARS

Gene Wilfert, '22-J

Ellen Knowles, '22-J

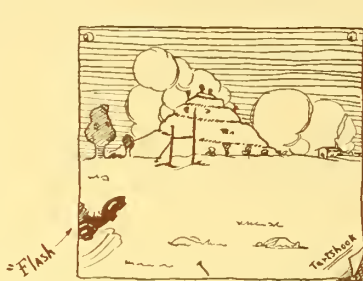
Cecilia Bertocchi, '22-J

Lois Williams, '22-J

Olive Barnum, '22-J

Margaret Cavanaugh, '22-J

As the football season has not yet come to an end, those winning blocks cannot be named here. Consequently the football players who will receive these honors will have their names in the following issue of the "Life."



AH! AT LAST!

We have secured the only picture of "Flash" Thompson in one of his speedy moments. It was made possible by our ultra-rapid camera. Notes 8 Times slower

We also have our big bimbo and lil' fella in "Land Crane" and "Shy Gilmore"



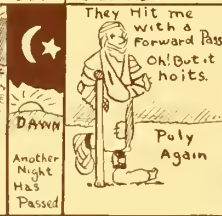
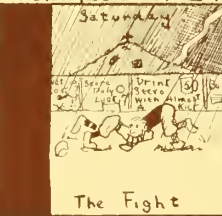
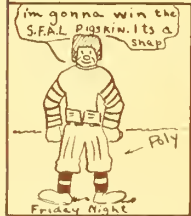
The Tiger has had a

royal feed on the S.F.A.L bones. Our coaches Smith and Hendrick are always pilin' it up. Roy claims he is the best drop kick artist.



I hope you all gave our yell extracters the double O.

THE TRAGEDY of EWING FIELD





Swimming

THINKING only of their school and the honor it rightfully deserves, the members of the Tiger team are fighting their way back to supremacy.

The results of another season's hard work were shown in the last meet when the team defeated Poly for second place, and if the work continues as it should, Lowell will soon meet defeat in the jaws of the Tigers.

The men on the team in the weight division were "Babe" Crane, who swam the beautiful fifty and hundred and fifty yard dash to say nothing of the diving event; Knipe, a weight man, who tried his mettle against the unlimited fellows in the hundred yards and swam the fifty yards in his own division and "Tiny" Rich who swam in the hundred and fifty yard dash and who was a team mate of "Hick" Younger in the back stroke.

In the unlimited division the "Fighting Tigers" were: Captain "Ike" Moran, who showed his old form in his pet events, the 220, 440, and plunge for distance; Manager Kendall who, tho' he had received explicit directions from his doctor to keep out of all athletics for a few months, sneaked into the 440 and led the field by a good fifty yards; "Fat" Meyer, who fought hard in the fifty and 220 yard dashes; Dam, a lower classman, who is showing championship form in the fifty and hundred yard dashes; "Ray" Lichtenberg, who showed some "dark horse stuff" by winning the breast stroke and "Bill" Remensperger, who swam the hundred yard breast stroke and the plunge for distance event.

I. W. Records

Track

All dates previous to 1914 refer to A. A. L. which was absorbed by the C. I. F. in 1914.

* Present Record

† Present Section Record

C. I. F.

Division	Event	Holder	Time or Distance	Date Made
120 lbs.	50 Yard	†E. Sudden	5 4-5 Sec.	Apr. 14, '19
Unlim.	100 Yard	*E. Sudden	10 Sec.	Apr. 24, '20
Unlim.	100 Yard	E. Cope	10 1-5 Sec.	Apr. 9, '04
Unlim.	100 Yard	C. Golcher	10 1-5 Sec.	Apr. 13, '07
Unlim.	100 Yard	R. K. Rodgers	10 1-5 Sec.	Apr. 2, '10
Unlim.	100 Yard	E. Sudden	10 1-5 Sec.	Apr. 10, '20
Unlim.	220 Yard	*E. Sudden	21 4-5 Sec.	Apr. 24, '20
Unlim.	220 Yard	†E. Sudden	22 Sec.	Apr. 10, '20
Unlim.	440 Yard	Crabtree	52 4-5 Sec.	Apr. 7, '06
Unlim.	½ Mile	R. Dodson	2 Min. 4 1-5 Sec.	Apr. 8, '05
Unlim.	120 High Hurdles	Johns	16 3-5 Sec.	Apr. 7, '06
Unlim.	Pole Vault	F. C. Moullen	11 ft. 1 1-5 in.	Apr. 8, '05
Unlim.	12 lb. Shot Put	P. Hohman	44 ft. 8½ in.	May 6, '11
Unlim.	Discuss	P. Hohman	115 ft. 7½ in.	May 6, '11
Unlim.	12 lb. Hammer Throw	F. C. Moullen	161 ft. 9 in.	Apr. 8, '05
Unlim.	Broad Jump	Holt	21 ft. 5½ in.	Oct. 19, '07
Unlim.	High Jump	Wolongiewicz	5 ft. 7 in.	Apr. 4, '14

Swimming

S. F. A. L.

Unlim.	100 Yards	*Mitchel	1 Min. 2 1-5 Sec.	Oct. 4, '19
Unlim.	220 Yards	Tait	2 Min. 49 1-5 Sec.	Sep. 21, '18
Unlim.	440 Yards	Tait	6 Min. 28 1-5 Sec.	May 10, '19
Unlim.	100 Yard Breaststroke	*Mitchel	1 Min. 17 2-5 Sec.	Oct. 4, '19
Unlim.	Plunge for Distance	Mitchel	62 ft. 1 in.	Oct. 4, '19

C. I. F.

Unlim.	50 Yards	*Mitchel	28 1-5 Sec.	May 10, '18
Unlim.	100 Yards	Mitchel	1 Min. 6 2-5 Sec.	May 10, '18
Unlim.	220 Yards	*Tait	2 Min 50 2-5 Sec.	May 17, '19
Unlim.	440 Yards	*Tait	6 Min. 22 Sec.	May 4, '18
Unlim.	100 Yards Breaststroke	*Mitchel	1 Min. 25 1-5 Sec.	May 17, '19
Unlim.	Plunge for Distance	*Mitchel	58 ft. 8 in.	May 17, '19

S. F. A. L. Football Championships

Date		Captain	Coaches	Type
1908	Lick Wins A. A. L.	Trowbridge		American
1908	Wilmerding 2nd Place			American
1917	L. W.	Rolph	Wynne Feldcamp	Rugby
1918	L. W.	Lynn	Wynne Feldcamp	Rugby
1919	L. W.	L. Johnson	A. Tosi	Rugby
1920	L. W.	L. Johnson	Hollingberry	American
1921	L. W.	I. Coburn	Hollingberry Smith	American

C. I. F. Championship

1919	State Rugby Championship	L. Johnson	A. Tosi	Rugby
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Lux Basketball

EARLY in September our coach, Miss Fassett, called the initial basketball practice. This first one started off with a rush and with plenty of the fighting "Tiger" spirit. What basketball really means to the Lux girls may be seen at these practices which are regularly and faithfully attended.

The election of basketball managers took place early in the season. The '25-J chose Nancy Beane captain and Margaret Arntz manager. The '24-X elected Francis Ogier captain and Ione McKintosh manager. Maud Knoles is captain of the '24-J and Louise Brodmerkel its manager. The captain of the '23-J is Katherine McKeown and Sarah Barnum is the manager. The Seniors appointed Ellen Knoles as their captain and Margaret Cavanaugh as manager.

The interclass games have been played and the Junior class is now the possessor of the interclass championship trophy.

The teams wish to thank Miss Fassett, their coach, for her untiring efforts. The Seniors especially wish to express their thanks because they feel that Miss Fassett has made the team what it is; and as the class members realize that this is the last year in which to participate in Lux sports, they only wish they had one more year in which to enjoy their coach's companionship.

Basketball

110-POUND TEAM

The 110-pound basketball team, under the tutelage of Coach "Flash" Thompson, has rounded into shape for the coming S. F. A. L. Tournament.

Captain Luthi, leader of last year's 100-pound team and Panella are veterans of the game. The team has played several practice games and the coach and captain are satisfied with the results.

With Captain Luthi and "Tub" Panella playing forwards and "Toothpick" Lowry center, the 110-pound team has aggressive offensive.

"Redwood" Lutje and "Rena" Mooney hold their opposing forwards to very few baskets and also aid their forwards in adding points to the game.

"Fat" Stoutenburgh, "Scotch" DeMattie and "Noisy" Eisenberg are three substitutes who get in every game and who help uphold the standards of the school.

100-POUND TEAM

The 100-pound basketball team, under Coach "Casino" Anderson, is ready for the coming S. F. A. L. Tournament. The veterans of last year's team are Captain Johnston, Danove and Mooney.

Captain "Red" Johnston and "Terra" Kotta as forwards and "Venus" Danove at center is an ideal combination that is part of this team.

"Eddie" Rich and "Wop" Biglieri play the guard positions and run the opposing forwards ragged.

Nemeth and Sommerfeld are substitutes and can always be depended upon to play a good game when called upon.

"Casino" Anderson, besides playing football, coaches the team and has rounded the boys in good shape.

120-POUND TEAM

The 120-pound basketball team, under the able assistance of Coach "Shy" Gilmour, is in shape for the coming S. F. A. L. Tournament. Captain Harold Meyer, E. Meyer and F. Moran are veterans of last year's 110-pound team.

Commerce forfeited the first game to the 120's at the Coliseum on November 18. Captain Harold Meyer and "Whitey" Jensen play the guard positions to perfection while "Lucky" Meyer, center, is one of the best players of his weight in the city high schools.

"Felix" Flicky and "Blue" Green are the forwards and they both surely can shoot the baskets. The opposing guards have a hard time guarding these two fast forwards. Eagan, F. Moran, H. Moran, D. Stewart and McLeown are the substitutes and when called upon can always be relied upon to do their best.



Track Team

THE results of the Track season this semester were far from impressive. The Interclass was run off at Jackson Park in the early part of the term in order to give the team lots of time for practice before the S. F. A. L. The '24 class ran away with the meet, winning by a margin of 80 points. The classes of '23, '25, '21, and '22 followed in the order named. The Sophs surely have furnished the other classes a good example of enthusiasm and loyalty. Those who showed up best in the interclass were Brandon, Mooney, Keeble, Millet, Lawrence and Ewald.

On September 12th a triangular meet was held at Jackson Park with Cogswell and Mission. Due to the lack of representatives Lick was forced after a hard fight to take second place with 60 points. Cogswell won with 67 and Mission took third with 13.

Lick had one more practice meet before the S. F. A. L., meeting Commerce at Jackson Park September 17th. As more fellows showed up in this meet than in the one with Cogswell and Mission, the team completely snowed Commerce under 81 to 26.

The S. F. A. L. was staged at California Field on October 8th. Most of the stars could not make weight, but they did their best and brought in fifth place to L-W.

KURANT-Ewentz (AS "SCENE" BY POHLMANN)

TRADE MARK COPYWRUNGED

WELL FELLAS AN {GIRLS}
IF YUL COME OUT T'MORROW
T'HE GAME WE'LL PULL THRU
WITH A "VICTORY."



PULLING THE
"OLE" STALL AT THE
RALLIES. WHY NOT
GET A "FONYGRAF" OUT
THERE AND EVERY
TIME THEY WANT
HEAR FROM A FELLA
ALL THEY'D HAVE
T'DO IS WIND
'ER UP -



"PHAT" COBURN got his eye
dirtied at practice and he
couldn't wash it off.

STATUES?
HARNESS
MEATS
&
STEAM
SHOVELS

FAKER
CATS
DO IT NOW
WHILE THE
PRICES
ARE LOW

BERRY W. CHEAP
UNDERTAKER
DO IT NOW
WHILE THE
PRICES
ARE LOW
FOOT BALL
PLAYERS
OUR
SPECIALTY
"GUARANTEED"

GRAND-PA'S
KOOKIES
MADE AT
HOME

ROLLS-ROUGH
THE UNIVERSAL
KAR

GEE I MUST
BE GETTIN FAT
I KIN HARDLY
GET THRU HERE

OH! BOY! IT'S LICK-
WILMERDING DATS GONA
PLAY. CM'ON IN CHARLIE DE
COP'S OVER ON DA OTHER
SIDE. HEY TELL THE REST
O'DA GANG T'CM'ON IN.

COMING THRU THE FAMILY
ENTRANCE AT EWING
FIELD.



L-W HAS WINNING WAYS.



NOW WHEN I SAY
"SQUABS" LEFT! DON'T TURN
ALL THE WAY AROUND!
SABBIE!!

GEE I FEEL
LIKE THIRTY
SIX CENTS

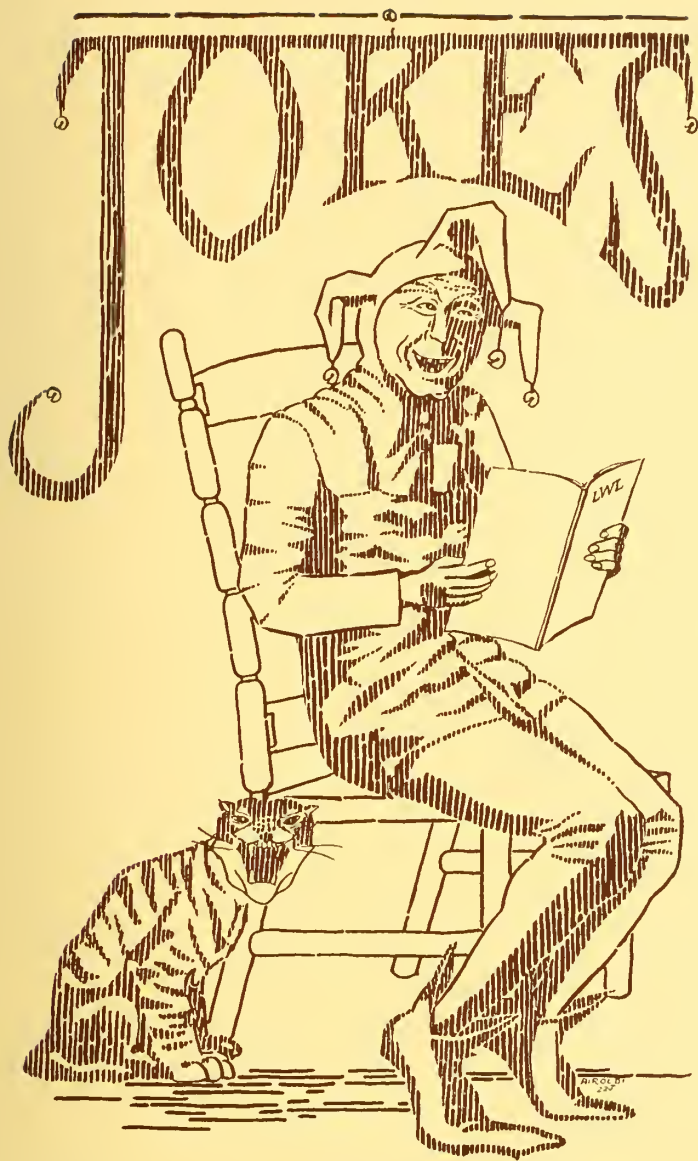
"KANT I
STAND
"STRAIT"

NOW I'M
MY MANA'S
LIL SOLDIER



"KNOCK"
HENDRICKS.

WE HAVE AN "AWKWARD" SQUAD
AS ATHLETIC TRAINING FOR
THE "SKRUBS."



*"Man is the only creature endowed with the power of Laughter;
Is he not also the only one that deserves to be laughed at"*

—GREVILLE.

Engaged

They were alone.
Standing there face to face.
"I want you truly," he said.
"Will you always be kind to me?" she asked.
"Always."
"And you will never get provoked with me?"
"Never."
"And may I always have my own way?"
"Surely."
"All right then I will take the job as cook."

* * * *

Office Boy: "There's a member of the Lick Varsity outside. He wants his picture taken."

Photographer: "Side face?"

Office Boy: "No, half-back."

* * * *

The Gang: "You don't care who pays the bill do you?"

Jim Pappas: "Nope, it makes no difference to me."

The Gang (in chorus): "Then you pay it."

* * * *

At Her House

Ernie Baker: "My, you have such dreamy eyes."

Flo Mitchel: "Yes, I haven't had much sleep lately."

* * * *

In Geometry

During Class: Fellows and girls start fooling in the back of room.

Mr. Hendrick: "Will you fellows please leave the girls alone and give me a chance?"

* * * *

'They ne'er had met
Before, and yet
She sat upon his knee!
You think her bold?
You must be told,
That he was fifty;
She was three.

OH GEORGE I'D LIKE
TO HAVE YOU COME TO
MY HOUSE NEXT MON-
DAY EVENING. I'M GIVING
A HALLOWEEN DANCE-

YES REALLY I'D
LIKE TO COME
BUT I WOULD
HAVE TO COME WITH
A CHAPERON AND
I HATE TO PAY THE
EXTRA CARE-FARE

HEY! JAKE C'MERE
AN' GET YER PICKER
TAKEN

WE WANTED TO
GET A PORTRAIT
OF 'HICK' YOUNGER
BUT HE WOULDN'T
HOLD STILL SO
WE DID THE BEST
WE COULD



THIS IS
OUR IDEA
OF LUX
SCHOOL OF
INDUSTRIAL TRAINING

LICK-FABLES

GEORGE GILMOUR
HAS A NEW
EXCUSE. WE
ARE NOW GIVING
HIM THE ONCE-
OVER AT THE
NIGHT RALLY.



WAIT UNTIL
I LAND
YOU



WAIT TIL
THE LAMP'S
ME



GLUE

GEO. GOODAY
IT LOOKS LIKE
GOODNIGHT GEO



AT THE
NIGHT
RALLY

GIVE-A TO ME
BACK MY
MONEY

WHAT ANOTHER
DAY OFF!
WHEN DO WE
LEARN SOME-
THING

GEE-AN' I WANTED
TO HAVE THAT
EXAM IN MECHANICS
TOMORROW TOO!

LESS GO UP AN
SEE IF WE CAN
TALK MR. MERRILL
OUT OF IT

HOW CAN I
GIT MY LUNCH
FOR HALF
PRICE
TOMORROW

AW I
COULD
JUST
BOWL

HEY! I PAID FOUR
AND A QUARTER FOR
DUES, IT LOOKS
LIKE I'M GONA GET
CHEATED.

WATCH THE
TED-ROW
BREAK WHEN
CRANE HITS
'EM

HARD A STAR-
BOARD MATES

HE 'WORKS'
AT THE
H'CALEH

NOSCHOOL
TOMORROW

HASS

HEY -
STAGMAN
227



WAIT A MINUTE
I'VE ONLY
BEEN HERE
HALF AN HOUR

OH HURRY
UP I WANT
TO SEE

OH I LOST
MY POWDER
PUFF

LUX BULLETIN
BOARD



OH! HOW NICE THEY
GO TOGETHER
IN THIS LIL PLACE

AW SHUX! HERE'S A BID
TO A PUNK DANCE. GEE,
THAT GIRL NEVER DID
GIVE A GOOD JIGG, WHY
DOES SHE PICK
ON ME?

(GEE! I HOPE I DON'T
FORGET THE EXCUSE I'M
SENDING HER.

OH! REALLY I WANTED
TO COME TO YER
PARTY - BUT - ER - A
I WAS SO SICK AND!

OH YES I WAS
HOPING YOU'D
COME - SICK!

OSKAR!
KALL THE
AMBULANCE

SICK? YOUR
LETTER SAID
THAT YOU WOULD
BE OUT OF TOWN

A
WEEK
ATER
THE
DANCE

▲ ▲ ▲ L-W-L LIFE ▲ ▲ ▲

Mr. Williams (teaching Strength): "All right fellows, please look at the board and I'll go thru it quickly."

* * * *

In Lux History

Miss O'Connor: "Do you know the population of San Francisco?"

Mildred Schubert: "Not all of them, ma'am; we've only lived here three years."

* * * *

A bit of tulle,
A yard of silk,
A bit of skin,
As white as milk,
A dainty strap,
How dare she breathe?
A little cough—
Good evening, "Eve."

* * * *

"Red" Cerkel: "Now here's a cartoon,—one of my best too,—I've just finished it. When I started out I had no idea what it was going to be."

"Bud" Coburn: "After you got thru, how did you find out what it was?"

* * * *

Height of Curiosity

Putting your finger in a bowl of soup to see if it leaves a dent.

* * * *

Luthi: "How did you go to the masquerade? You didn't have any costume."

"Hick" Younger: "Aw, I went disguised as a plain clothes man."

* * * *

He: "May I have this dance?"

She: "Yes, if you can find a partner."

* * * *

Heard on the Oval

"Tiny" Sellman: "What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

"Roddy" Chisholm: "Get them shined; that's what I'd do."

* * * *

Helen Mahoney: "Do you like to dance in this dark corner?"

George Gilmour: "No, let's stop dancing."

* * * *

Bell: "When shall I call?"

Betty Ann: "Oh, come over after dinner."

Bell: "Sure, that's what I was coming after any how."

△ △ △ L-W-L LIFE △ △ △

Violet had a little light;
She had it trained no doubt,
'Cause every time that Roy called,
That little light went out.

* * * *

Thais: "O, you boys have much more fun than we girls. I wish God had created me a little boy."

"Andy" Anderson: "He did. I'm he."

* * * *

Irate Mother: "I'll teach you to kiss my girl."

Ted Ovlen: "You're late. I've learned already."

* * * *

John Franklin Gilmore: "That costume she wore to the Senior Dance was ripping."

Louise B.: "Brute, why didn't you tell her?"

* * * *

Margaret: "Why did they put Thompson out of the game?"

Dewar: "For holding."

Margaret: "Oh, isn't that just like Tom."

* * * *

Betty Nye: "What would you call a man that hid behind my skirt?"

Ted Jenkel: "A magician."

* * * *

Mr. Tibbetts: "Please give the name of the largest diamond."

Ashman: (The morning after the night before) "The ace, sir."

* * * *

Mr. —: "I can't blame you for looking at your watch while I'm lecturing, but I do object to your holding it up to your ear to make sure that it didn't stop."

* * * *

At the Senior Dance

He: "My! this floor's awfully slippery. It's hard to keep on your feet."

She (sarcastically): "Oh; then you were really trying to keep on my feet? I thought it was purely accidental."

* * * *

Manning Johnson: "Have you heard about the two worms fighting in dead earnest?"

Willie Wessel: "No, poor Ernest."

* * * *

Mr. Plumb: "What's a good conductor of electricity?"

"Shorty" Bishop: "Telephone poles."

Autographs

